

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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A DUBLIN STREET DANCE.

THERE'S nothing in life like a Jig or a Reel ;
First a tap with your toe, then a drum with
your heel,

And now double shuffle, and next heel-and-toe,
And then turn your partner as over you go.

And as you grow warmer your muscles grow
free,

And looser your ankle, and looser your knee ;
And you're in your glory : hurroo ! arrah, then
Old men become boys, and gossoons become
men.

Play faster the music ! it isn't a wake :
Yes, faster and loud, till you make the walls
shake.

And see, as the notes our shoe-leather inspire,
From the cold English pavement* we tread
out the fire.

Till age tells at last, and the elders drop off ;
And as each turns his tail, all the young col-
leens scoff ;

While them that remains, though they hallo
and whoop,

'Tis as plain as a pike they're beginning to
droop.

And now, at long last, there remain but one
pair,

Who a halo of glory and eminence wear,
Forby they have danced all the company down :
With a naggin of whiskey the darlings let's
crown !

Spectator.

A. F. G.

* A well-known Irish grievance, that Dublin is paved
with English paving-stones.

IN MEMORY OF

THE RIGHT HON. H. FAWCETT, M.P.

AND he is gone now out of all men's sight
Who sightless fought his way, nor failed one
hour ;

Matched Fate with Will's indomitable power,
Rose up from sickness and confronted Night.

"Others may flee," he said ; "I stay to fight."
Fighting, he saw his dread opponent cower
As human strength o'er his began to tower,
While the blind Victor's brows were wreathed
with light.

True heart ! We feel in England and o'er sea
The whole of thy great life-work nobly
planned ;

Not only for thyself the victory,
But in thy triumph triumphs all thy land,
Which, sad from end to end for loss of thee,
Of civic heroes counts no life more grand.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

Athenæum.

A HOLIDAY INVITATION.

COME, friend, with me, if simple thoughts con-
sole ;

To our glad session bring no wiser brain ;
Come where betwixt the mountain and the
plain

The billowy uplands of the Border roll.

Better than yon bleak Alps to travail'd soul

This half-way heaven ; and happier far to
gain,

Than heights of ecstasy o'er gulfs of pain,
The grey-green hills of sober self-control.

Be wisely passive ; strive not here to find ;

But ope thy heart, and, when the hills have
sway,

Let the great minstrel of the Border-lay

About thy spirit all his witchery wind,

Or travel to the height of Wordsworth's mind,

And with some glorious sonnet crown the
day.

Spectator.

J. R.

THE AUTUMN CROCUS.

It answered not to the voice of spring,

Nor peeped to welcome the cuckoo's wing.

It blanched not pale with the whitening thorn,

Nor blushed with poppies in autumn corn.

But it came with the coming of winter chill,

And mist lay heavy upon the hill.

"No more winter," I said, and lo !

It passed and left me before the snow.

O, had it come with the birds in spring

It might have passed on the swallow's wing.

Love that with spring's first shoots is born

Is fitly garnered among the corn.

But to come with the passing of autumn chill,

And fly ere winter had fled the hill !

Be born with Indian summer's glow,

And then lie buried beneath the snow !

St. James's Gazette.

W. D.

TO DELIA.

THINK not that with your gay apparel
I fain would quarrel.

'Tis but a niggard who denies

To Beauty her accessories.

As well condemn the violets blue

For sparkling in the morning's dew,

Or meadows, when enriched they be

With springtime's sweet embroidery.

But, when the cunning of the dress

Provokes a proud self-consciousness,

When girdle's clasp and riband's tie

Permit the thrills of vanity,

When flowing silks and lace I see

Eclipsing sweet simplicity —

Then, of a surety, I confess

I love not art but artlessness.

St. James's Gazette.

From The Edinburgh Review.

ARISTOTLE'S HISTORY OF ANIMALS.*

OF all the great intellects that have added lustre to the world of thought and philosophy, the name of Aristotle stands prominently forth; so comprehensive and piercing a genius, such indefatigable zeal and untiring industry could not fail to be productive of great results; for twenty centuries his name and authority held the whole civilized world in awe. What are Aristotle's merits as a teacher of biology, and what is the real value of his scientific writings? Widely different opinions have been held. On the one hand, the late Mr. G. H. Lewes says:—

It is difficult to speak of Aristotle without exaggeration—he is felt to be so mighty, and is known to be so wrong. History, surveying the whole scope of his pretensions, gazes on him with wonder. Science, challenging these separate pretensions and testing their results, regards them with indifference—an indifference only exasperated into antagonism by the clamorous urgency of unauthenticated praise. It is difficult to direct the opposing streams of criticism into the broad equable current of a calm appreciation, because the splendor of his fame perpetuates the memory of his failure, and to be just we must appreciate both. His intellect was piercing and comprehensive; his attainments surpassed those of every known philosopher; his influence has only been exceeded by the great founders of religions. Nevertheless, if we now estimate the product of his labors in the discovery of positive truths, it appears insignificant when not erroneous. None of the great germinal discoveries in science are due to him or to his disciples.

On the other hand, the learned French translator of Aristotle's words, M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, after lamenting the loss of many of Aristotle's works, remarks:—

Opposite a monument so beautiful, so colossal, there is still astonishment such as was felt by Cuvier. Three centuries and a half before

the Christian era there is the science of nature, and especially the science of animals. There are all at once the three sciences, zoology, physiology, and anatomy, created with their fundamental principles, their method, their elementary classifications, framework, and principal details! There they are, created in such a way that they seem at first without precedent, and that they remain for more than twenty centuries without receiving the slightest increase! Zoology, properly so called, physiology, and comparative anatomy, have remained even to us very nearly such as Aristotle has constituted them; and if in our days they have made immense progress, it is by remaining faithful to the way which he has pointed out for them. (Preface, pp. lii., liii.)

M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire thus seems to endorse all that Buffon, Cuvier, and others have written in praise of Aristotle's works on natural history. Let us briefly notice the language of these two great French zoologists:—

Aristotle's History of Animals [says Buffon] is perhaps even now the best work of its kind; he probably knew animals better, and under more general views than we do now. Although the moderns have added their discoveries to those of the ancients, I do not believe that we have many works on natural history that we can place above those of Aristotle and Pliny.

Again, in speaking of Aristotle's plan, in which he takes man as a model, and compares the difference between the parts of man and those of other animals, Buffon says, "He accumulates facts, and does not write one useless word."

The laudatory language of the illustrious Cuvier is equally strong, and, indeed, as M. Saint-Hilaire says, is manifested by more animated expressions. "Of all the sciences, that which owes the most to Aristotle is the natural history of animals. Not only did he know a great number of species, but he studied and described them after a vast and luminous plan which, perhaps, none of his successors have approached." Again, "The principal divisions still followed by naturalists in the animal kingdom are due to Aristotle, and he indicated several to which they have returned in these later times, after having unfortunately diverged from them." "Everywhere Aristotle observes facts with attention." Speaking of the "His-

* 1. *Histoire des Animaux d'Aristote*. Traduite en Français et accompagnée de Notes perpétuelles. Par J. BARTHELEMY SAINT-HILAIRE, Membre de l'Institut, Sénateur. Three vols. 8vo. Paris: 1833.

2. *Aristotle*: A chapter from the History of Science, including Analyses of Aristotle's Scientific Writings. By GEORGE HENRY LEWES. London: 1864.

3. *Aristotelis de Animalibus Historiæ Libri X*. Textum recensuit Jul. Cæs. Scaligeri versionem diligenter recognovit F. G. SCHNEIDER. Lipsiæ: 1811.

tory of Animals," Cuvier writes: "I cannot read this book without being ravished with astonishment. Indeed, it is impossible to conceive how a single man was able to collect and compare the multitude of particular facts implied in the numerous general rules and aphorisms contained in this work, and of which his predecessors never had any idea." But it is, above all, says M. Saint-Hilaire, in his "Lectures on the History of the Natural Sciences," in the College of France, at the close of his life, that Cuvier shows himself a passionate admirer of the Greek naturalist.

We cannot reproduce the exact expressions which the incomparable professor uses, since his lectures were not corrected by his hand; but if they have not preserved the form of his style, they give at least his thought, and they preserve a faithful trace of the most ardent and deliberate enthusiasm. In his eyes "Aristotle is the giant of Greek science; before Aristotle, science did not exist; he created it from fragments. One cannot read his 'History of Animals' without being delighted with astonishment. His zoological classification leaves few things to be done by the ages which have come after him. His work is one of the greatest monuments that the genius of man has raised to natural science."

These reiterated praises are regarded by his recent French translator as decisive. On the other hand, the language of Cuvier, in the opinion of the late lamented English scholar and physiologist, George Henry Lewes, "passes all bounds permissible to sincere enthusiasm; the more so because of the authority attached to his own eminent name. Others speak with a like exaggeration, but not with a like authority."

M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, in his interesting preface to his translation of the "History of Animals," quotes the opinions of other naturalists of note, who express themselves more or less strongly in praise of Aristotle's scientific works, such as Isidore Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, Flourens, Littré, Milne-Edwards, C. Claus, Victor Carus, etc., and then proceeds to consider the opinion expressed by Mr. G. H. Lewes, as a critic who is unable to follow in the rear of the enthusiastic panegyrists of the Greek philosopher.

To what extent Aristotle's admirers are

justified in the unqualified praises they have so enthusiastically bestowed on his natural history writings will be seen by-and-by, when we bring before our readers some of his own statements concerning various animals or physiological questions which he discusses. The subject does not concern itself with Aristotle's splendid and, perhaps, unrivalled genius, his logical power of thought, his comprehensive and penetrating mind, his love of truth, his appreciation of a true method, his clear intellect and his extraordinary diligence; it has nothing to do with the great relative value of his scientific writings, considered at the time in which he lived; all unprejudiced students of zoology, whether of the past or the present, are willing to do glad homage to the "Father of Natural History," and delight to read the numerous admirable and correct accounts of the animals of which he treats; they will recognize in his treatise "On the Parts of Animals," its great value and interest in the history of science, both on account of the materials it furnishes, and because it is one of the earliest attempts to found biology on comparative anatomy; they will admit his treatise "On the Generation and Development of Animals" to be his masterpiece in science, will recognize its true greatness, and "be surprised and delighted to find how often Aristotle seems at the highest level of speculation, even when they compare his statements with the results of the most advanced embryologists." The question does not concern itself with these points: it has reference to the claim made by Aristotle's too ardent panegyrists, that he discovered a system so perfect as to leave to us little if anything to alter; that in several instances he anticipated modern discoveries, and that his descriptions are marvels of accuracy and research. How far such statements are true must be discovered by the simple test of reading Aristotle's own words: we must verify; we must see what he has actually written; we are not compelled to follow Cuvier, still less Buffon. The enquirer will think of the well-known line, —

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,
and will form an independent judgment;

he will refuse to follow blindly any master, even though he be a Cuvier. He will bear in mind the words of a learned English physician and author of the seventeenth century: "The mortallest enemy unto knowledge, and that which hath done the greatest execution upon truth, hath been a peremptory adhesion unto authority; and more especially, the establishing of our belief upon the dictates of antiquity."* To the task of a searching enquiry Mr. G. H. Lewes applied himself about twenty years ago, and, although some persons may think that he has been in some cases too severe upon Aristotle, we consider that, on the whole, his criticism is just, and that he has amply proved his case, not against the philosopher himself, but against his exaggerating eulogists. He has properly placed Aristotle on a lower, yet still an exalted position on the pinnacle of zoological fame.

"Aristotle's zoological classification leaves few things to be done by the ages which have come after him." This is Cuvier's statement. Had Aristotle any idea of forming a systematic classification of any kind? On this question there is great difference of opinion. Some think that Aristotle purposely abstained from forming any system, but had merely a vague general idea of classification, which as little resembled a system as a mere jotting down of all the letters of the alphabet would resemble an essay; others discover a system in it so perfect as to leave nothing scarcely to alter.† There is no doubt that Aristotle had certain wide and indefinite views of classification, to borrow the words of Whewell, which, though not very exact, are still highly creditable to him. The honor due to the stupendous accumulation of zoological knowledge which Aristotle's works contain cannot be tarnished by our denying him the credit of a system which he never dreamed of, and which from the nature of the progress of science could not possibly be constructed at that period. "Classification is one of the latest results of

scientific research." It is true that Aristotle has exemplified groups of animals which agree with many of the modern classes, orders, and genera, but their relative value is not so defined. His nine books in the "History of Animals" enumerate the differences of animals in almost all conceivable respects: the organs of sense, of motion, of nutrition, the interior anatomy, the exterior covering, the manner of life, growth, generation, and many other circumstances; but Aristotle appears to have had no appreciation of the law of the subordination of characters; the same denomination, viz., *γένος*, genus, is applied by him to each of his groups, though in some cases he distinguishes the greater from the less. Agassiz says: "Aristotle cannot be said to have proposed any regular classification. He speaks constantly of more or less extensive groups under a common appellation, evidently considering them as natural divisions, but he nowhere expresses a conviction that these groups may be arranged methodically so as to exhibit the natural affinities of animals."

The aim of classification, as Mr. G. H. Lewes remarks, is to group animals in such a manner that each class and genus shall indicate the degree of complexity attained by the organism, and thus the external form betray the internal structure; but no such scheme ever entered the head of Aristotle; he only wished to mark out the obviously distinctive characters by which the common eye could recognize each class or genus. Men had before him "spontaneously grouped animals as four-footed, winged, aquatic, terrestrial, oviparous, etc.," and had, in vague general terms, thus grouped together animals under these respective heads. We may call this, if we will, a rude sketch of a classificatory system. Moreover there are certain indications in his writings that Aristotle more or less adopted the system then in use; not unfrequently he mentions certain families or groups which he says are "without a name," "have never received a name," and it is noticeable that he never proposes names for these anonymous groups, which we should expect he would have done had he intended the

* Sir Thomas Browne's Works, i., p. 39, ed. Bohn.

† See Kûlb: Aristoteles Thiergeschichte, in zehn Büchern, übersetzt und erläutert von Dr. Ph. H. Kûlb. Stuttgart, 1856.

formation of a grand philosophical system of classification. He uses only two formal terms of classification, *γένος* and *εἶδος*; the former denoting an assemblage of different animals which have some general resemblance to each other: it may be equivalent to the modern terms, *family*, *order*, or *class*; the latter generally is applied to what we understand by *species*.

M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire's remarks on Aristotle's classification are, on the whole, very just indeed:—

The feeble side of Aristotle's zoology [he says] is the classification. The author never explained it in a systematic manner, and it would be rather hazardous to seek to extract it from the works through which it is dispersed. However, Aristotle did not confound all the species in a common disorder; between them he positively indicated classes, although these classes are too few and indistinct. The principal are those of animals which have blood, and those which have not any; those of the vivipara, ovipara, vermipara; those of the quadrupeds, the birds, the reptiles, cetacea, fish, insects; and, lastly, those of the molluscs, crustacea, testacea, and the zoophytes. That is not, one must confess, a classification in the rigorous sense of the word; but if one thinks of the difficulties presented, even in our time, by classification, one will be inclined to indulgence, and excuse in Aristotle a defect which is compensated for by so many other merits. A regular arrangement of all animated beings was impossible at the time in which he wrote, whatever may have been his genius. There was necessarily a multiplicity of observations of detail which time only could accumulate, and even to-day the materials are not yet sufficient. But however incomplete Aristotle's classification may be, it ought always to figure in science-history, because it is the first in date and encloses the principal elements of all those which have followed. It comes immediately before the classifications of Linnæus and Cuvier, as the historians of zoology have well seen. (Preface, p. cxvii.)

From the above extract, it will be seen how widely and how justly Aristotle's French translator differs from Cuvier, who states that "Aristotle's zoological classification leaves few things to be done by the ages which have come after him."

Let us now enquire how far Cuvier's other statement that "everywhere Aristotle observes facts with attention," is true. "Cuvier, already in all his glory," says M. Saint-Hilaire, "does not hesitate to say that the history of the elephant is more exact in Aristotle than in Buffon, and in speaking of the camel he praises Aristotle for having perfectly described and characterized the two species." We have not an edition of Buffon at hand to

which to refer, but if Aristotle's account of the elephant is more correct than that of Buffon, we are sorry for Buffon. Aristotle speaks many things correctly of the elephant, but some very incorrectly, and it is quite a question whether he ever saw this animal in his life; be this as it may, he affirms that it has no nails on its toes, though he correctly refers to the toes which are scarcely distinguished. The nails of the elephant are one of the "points" which the natives of India always regarded as one of the marks of a well-bred animal, and are nearly always conspicuous. M. Saint-Hilaire tells us in a note on this passage* that Camus and MM. Aubert and Wimmer consider this passage an interpolation. Let us take another point: the "grey-headed error" that the elephant has no joints. Aristotle says, "The elephant is not so constructed as to be unable to sit down and bend his legs, as some persons have said, but from his great weight he is unable to bend them on both sides at once, but leans either to the right side or the left, and sleeps in this position;" the elephant, that is to say, having bent one foreleg, cannot then bend the other so as to kneel with both, which is contrary to fact. Aristotle demolishes the absurd statement that the elephant has no joints, in this passage in his "History of Animals" (ii. 1, § 4), but in his treatise on the "Progressive Motions of Animals" (*Περὶ Προόδου Ζώων*, cap. 9, p. 709, ed. Bekker), he seems to leave it doubtful whether the elephant has joints in its knees. After showing that without inflexion there can be no progression, he says: "Progression, however, is possible without inflexion of the leg, in the same manner as infants creep; and there is an ancient story of this kind about elephants, which is not true, for such animals move because inflexion takes place in their shoulderblades or hips." The existence of such animals without knees is again supposed by this remark: "Since the members are equal, inflexion must be made either in the knee or in some joint, if the animal that walks is destitute of knees" (*ἀγύοναρον*). If Aristotle had ever seen an elephant move, is it not probable that he would have spoken more decidedly and correctly on these points? Schlegel indeed asserts that the accounts of the elephant are the result of frequent and minute actual examination of both sexes of this animal, and that what he

* Hist. An. iii. 9, § 3. Beyond a doubt the passage is genuine, as the context clearly shows by the parenthesis. See Schneider's Annot. ad loc., iii., p. 147.

could not ascertain—viz., the beast's mode of life in its wild state—he doubtless ascertained from the Indian conductors of these animals which had been sent to Aristotle by Alexander; on this subject we shall remark by-and-by. But surely it was not necessary for correct observation to know the habits of the elephant in its wild state; a captive specimen would have equally answered such a purpose. Aristotle's assertion* that the male elephant arrives at puberty when he is five or six years old is quite erroneous; however, in another passage† he correctly gives the age at twenty years. But the most astonishing assertion is that "the elephant cannot swim (*πειν δ' οὐ πᾶν δύναται*) on account of the weight of its body."‡ Such a statement is one of Aristotle's many erroneous generalizations.

Aristotle's account of the camel is on the whole graphic and correct; he describes both the one-humped Arabian and the Bactrian species. He mentions the walk of the camel, stating that it moves with the hind foot following the fore foot on the same side. He twice repeats the statement that the camel has no teeth in the upper jaw. Doubtless he alludes to the front teeth, but the camel has two incisors in the upper jaw and two canines; so that Aristotle has "not perfectly described and characterized the two species of camel." Among other strange notions held by Aristotle, apparently without any misgivings, may be mentioned the lion's having no cervical vertebræ, but only one bone in the neck.§ its bones, which are small and slight, being without marrow except a little in the thigh and fore leg. Aristotle's notions with respect to the skull are peculiar: the brain is placed beneath the sinciput, "and the occiput is empty," an error twice repeated; women's skulls have only one suture, placed in a circle. He mentions as an extraordinary thing the fact of a man's skull having once been seen without any suture; he is copying Herodotus (ix. 83), who says such a skull was found on the battle-field of Plataea. The skull sutures in aged persons are frequently obliterated. Again, "The cranium of the dog consists of a single bone"—he must have got hold of an old specimen.

* Hist. An. v. 12, § 14.

† Ibid. vi. 25, § 2.

‡ Ibid. ix. 33.

§ He repeats this statement in the De Part. iv. 10, p. 680, ed. Bekker, and joins wolves with lions, and gives his reason, "Nature saw that these animals wanted the neck more for strength than for other purposes." The cervical bones of the hyæna sometimes become ankylosed, and this may possibly have given rise to the one-neckbone theory.

Certain abnormal deposits of bone which occasionally are found in diseased conditions of the heart in some of the mammalia were considered as necessary organs in the horse and some kind of oxen, "which on account of their large size have a bony heart for the sake of support" (*ὅλον ἐπεὶ σπυρατος χάρην*).^{*} The seal and some swine are said to have no gall-bladder. The absence of a gall-bladder in the seal is again stated in his treatise "On the Parts of Animals;"† its absence from the liver of some swine may possibly be explained, as MM. Aubert and Wimmer conceive, by supposing that the gall-bladder in certain fat pigs disappears in the substance of the liver. The gall-bladder is by no means constant in the mammalia, and Aristotle is correct in saying it is not present in the elephant, horse, stag, ass, and mule. It is difficult to know what he means when he says that the Achaïnian stags appear to have a gall in the tail; we are quite in the dark as to what these stags are. M. Saint-Hilaire, in a note,‡ considers the statement not absolutely fabulous as one would be inclined to think, because there is a species of stag, with large horns, which secretes under the tail a liquid not unlike bile, and he refers to MM. Aubert and Wimmer. Aristotle is probably referring to some story he has heard from hunters; but his mention of such a gland in connection with true gall-bladders in certain animals is certainly curious; however, one cannot regard the animal otherwise than as fabulous, because in another place§ he mentions the same kind of stag, which when captured was found to have a considerable quantity of green ivy growing on its horns as on green wood. Buffon, however, seems to have thought the story possible. It will be noticed that Aristotle expressly says that such an animal had been captured, and, with his authority to stamp the fable, no wonder it appears in Pliny, Albertus, and other writers. That Aristotle placed too much reliance on animal-lore, often marvellous or even impossible, current in his age is abundantly evident to any one who will be at the pains to examine his zoological writings. The deer come in for a full share of wonderful anecdote, e.g.:—

The hind, as soon as she has produced her young, eats the chorion (fetal sac),|| and then

* De Part. An. iii., cap. 4.

† ii. 2.

‡ ii. 11, § 7.

§ ix. 6, § 3.

|| Many animals will occasionally eat the amnion or

runs to the plant called *seselis*, which she eats, and then returns to her offspring. The male sheds his horns in difficult and inaccessible places, hence the proverb, "Where the stag sheds its horns," for they take care not to be seen, since they have lost their means of defence. It is said that the left horn has never yet been seen, for the animal hides it because it has some medical properties. When stags are bitten by the phalangium, or other such creature, they collect together a number of crabs and eat them.

These statements are made by Aristotle without a single hint that he does not believe them; had he regarded them as fabulous it is probable that he would have so expressed himself, as he is in the habit of doing when stories are regarded by him as "unworthy of credit."

Mr. G. H. Lewes mentions Cuvier as having instanced four generalizations to prove the immense acquaintance Aristotle must have had with particulars:—

I will quote four others [he adds]; forty might be found, all taken from the first book, which exemplify plainly enough how easily large and careful induction could be dispensed with. 1. The lion has no cervical vertebræ, but a single bone in its neck. 2. Long-lived persons have one or two lines which extend through the whole hand; short-lived persons have two lines, and these do not extend through the whole hand. 3. Man has, in proportion to his size, the largest and the moistest brain. 4. The forehead is large in stupid men, small in lively men, broad in men predisposed to insanity (*ἐκστατικοί*), and round in high-spirited men. (Aristotle, p. 272.)

All these beliefs, it is probable, were currently in vogue in Aristotle's time.

It is not certain whether Aristotle believed in the fable that the salamander was able to live in the fire, because the passage may be an interpolation, which is the opinion of M. Saint-Hilaire as well as of MM. Aubert and Wimmer. The passage runs thus:—

In Cyprus, where the stone called *chalcitis* is burnt by those who keep it up for many days, small winged creatures are produced in the fire, and there walk and leap about; and as certain larvæ, when taken from the snow, perish, so do these creatures when taken from the fire. That it is possible for some living

organisms to exist in the fire without being burnt, the case of the salamander clearly shows, for this creature, they say, extinguishes the fire as it walks through it.*

M. Saint-Hilaire has the following footnote on this curious passage: "This fable of the salamander is without doubt posterior to the time of Aristotle, and its mention here clearly shows that the passage is apocryphal."† As the story, however, is told by Theophrastus, Aristotle's favorite pupil, to whom the philosopher bequeathed his library and original writings, M. Saint-Hilaire is not quite correct as to the late date of the salamander story. Theophrastus, speaking of certain things which extinguish fire, says, "If to such a moisture cold be also added, this operates towards extinction, as happens in the case of the salamander."‡ He considered that the combination of the three qualities of cold, stickiness, and moisture was efficacious in extinguishing fire, all of which qualities he says are found in the salamander. We suspect the salamander fable was long anterior to the time of Aristotle, and that it had its original source in the East, perhaps in Persia, for the name of a fire-dwelling lizard occurs in Sanskrit, and our word salamander, like the Greek and Latin, appears under the form of *samandar* in Persian. Moreover, Pliny expressly tells us that the story comes from the Magi, and it is probable that it found its way into Greece and Rome through Democritus, who had travelled much in Eastern countries and who, according to Diogenes Laertius, had been a pupil of the Magi and Chaldeans. It is certain that many of the popular beliefs among the Greeks and Romans were introduced from an Eastern source; and though Aristotle, supposing that the passage is authentic, does not mention Democritus in connection with the salamander fable, this absence of the quotation of his authority is no proof against the supposition of this source, because Aristotle not unfrequently quotes from authorities without mentioning their names when he does not consider it necessary to confute their statements. It is not improbable that the fable had originally some connection, in zoological mythology, with certain cosmical phenomena. Gubernatis writes: "The Salamander of popular superstition seems to me to represent the moon, which lights itself, which lives by

the placenta, but it is not their normal habit to do so, as Aristotle imagines in the case of deer. The *seselis* is an umbelliferous plant, perhaps *Seseli tortuosum*, or the allied genus *Tordylium*, which, under the English name of hartwort, tradition has associated with the *seselis* of Aristotle, on account of its supposed efficacy in aiding parturition in deer and other ruminants. Dioscorides (iii. 53) says that a decoction of the seeds and roots of the *seselis* used to be given to goats and sheep, *πρὸς εὐτοκίαν ποτῶν*,

* Hist. An. v. 17, § 12, 13.

† Histoire des Animaux, v. xvii., § 19.

‡ De Igne, § 60; vol. i., p. 726, ed. Schneider.

its own fire, which has no rays or hairs of its own, and which makes the rays or hairs of the sun fall." One of the superstitions concerning the salamander was that though devoid of hairs itself, it causes the hairs of others to fall out by means of its saliva, whence Martial, cursing the baldness of a woman's head, —

Hoc salamandra caput aut sæva novacula
nudet.

Aristotle evidently had no high opinion of Herodotus's natural-history stories, and doubtless he is right, but if the Father of History is not always to be relied upon and merits the epithet of "mythologist" given to him by Aristotle, sometimes even the "Father of Natural History" is found credulous of impossible fable and popular folk-lore. In his treatise "On the Generation of Animals" * Aristotle very severely reproves Herodotus for believing in the silly current talk (*τὸν εὐήθη λόγον καὶ τεθρυλημένον*) which fishermen indulge in, "that female fishes are impregnated by gulping down the milt of the male, not seeing how impossible this is, for the entrance through the mouth leads to the belly and becomes food to nourish the fish, and not to the womb which contains the eggs." But equally absurd is that which Aristotle asserts concerning the formation of eggs in hen partridges. "They become pregnant if the wind blows to them from the males,† and often if they hear the voice of the male when they are excited, or if the males fly above them they become pregnant from their breath." ‡ So again in his treatise "On the Generation of Animals" § the same story is repeated. It is clear that Aristotle accepts as an absolute fact the silly assertions of the fowlers. On turning to M. Saint-Hilaire's note on these wind-produced eggs, we find that the passage in the "History of Animals" is regarded by him as a probable interpolation. But if we have to expunge this paragraph, what are we to do with a great deal of matter, bearing on this question, which occurs in the "Generation of Animals" ?

As another instance of Aristotle's ready acceptance of popular folk-lore, we may mention what he states as to the causes

which were supposed to operate in the production of certain colors in sheep. "There are certain waters in many places which produce black lambs if the sheep drink of them before conception, as at that in the Thracian Chalcis, which is called Cold-river; in Antandria there are two rivers, one of which turns the sheep black and the other white." * Strabo, Pliny, Seneca, and others mention certain rivers which produce different-colored sheep. Perhaps of all domesticated animals the sheep is liable to the greatest variety in respect to its wool, horns, etc.; and this difference is doubtless to be attributed to the conditions of climate and food principally. From time immemorial there have been white, black, and pied sheep; color is generally esteemed of little importance, and there is not the slightest reason for supposing that the color of the wool is in any way affected by the water which the animals drink. The presence of some particular plant in a locality where sheep feed might possibly determine the prevalence of one color rather than another in a flock, because such a plant may be harmless to one color and fatal to another, as for instance in the case which Darwin mentions of the inhabitants in the Tarentino, who keep black sheep alone, because the *Hypericum crispum* abounds there; and this plant does not injure the black sheep, but kills the white ones in about a fortnight's time. This, however, is a very different thing from water when drunk by the ewes influencing the color of the lamb.

Aristotle's account of the halcyon, or kingfisher, is a curious mixture of fact and fiction, the latter, however, predominating largely.

The halcyon is not much larger than a sparrow; its color is blue and green and inclining to purple; its whole body is a mixture of these colors, as well as the wings and the parts about the neck. The bill is somewhat yellow, long and slight. Such is its external form. The nest resembles the sea-balls called *halosachna*, except in color, for the nest is somewhat red. In shape it resembles those *sicyæ* (sea-cucumbers) which have long necks; it is about the size of a large sponge, but some are greater, others less. The nests are covered over and are thick and hard, as well as the inside. They are not easily cut by a person using a sharp knife, but when struck and crushed by the hands they quickly break up, like the *halosachna*. The mouth is narrow — only a little entrance — so that the water cannot get into it, even when the sea is rough. The hollow parts

* Vol. i., p. 756, ed. Bekker.

† The quarter whence the wind blew was also supposed to influence the young of the sheep and goat; if at the time of coupling the parents faced the north, males would be produced, if the south females, "so that it was necessary to see that they stood to the north" if male young were desired. (Hist. An. vi. 19, § 2.)

‡ Hist. An. v. 4, § 7.

§ Vol. i., p. 751, ed. Bekker.

* Hist. An. iii. 10, § 12.

are like those of a sponge. It is a question as to what it is composed of, but it seems to consist chiefly of the spines of the belone. The bird itself lives on fish. It also ascends rivers. It lays generally about five eggs, and reproduces throughout its life, beginning when four months old.*

It is certain that the halcyon here described is the kingfisher, a bird well known to the ancients chiefly in connection with the old myth of Alcyon and Ceyx, but one whose natural habits they (Aristotle among the number) paid little attention to. In another place (v. 8, §§ 2 and 3) he says:—

Birds generally breed in the spring and the beginning of summer, but the kingfisher is an exception, for it produces its young about the time of the winter solstice;† wherefore fine days which happen at this season are called halcyon days, seven days before the solstice and seven days after it, as Simonides has written, as when Jupiter in the winter month prepares fourteen days, which mortals call the windless season, the sacred nurse of the variegated halcyon. . . . These halcyon days do not always happen in this country at the season of the solstice, but they nearly always occur in the Sicilian Sea.

These extracts are sufficient to show that Aristotle accepted, without any misgivings as to their truth, the old fable, first apparently alluded to by Homer, and has recorded as actual natural-history fact most of the errors and absurdities which the fable embodies. With the exception of the description of the kingfisher and of its fish diet, there is hardly a single statement that is true.‡

The nest of the kingfisher reminds us of that of another bird—viz., the partridge, which is said to make two nests (*δύων σηκούς*), upon one of which the male incubates, on the other the female, and each hatches and brings up its own brood. And then follows the astounding statement that the male has intercourse with the young ones as soon as he leads them from the nest! (The same is said of pigeons.) Again:—

The male partridge, being a bird of strong passions, tries to prevent the female from incubating by rolling upon the eggs and breaking them. The female, by a counter artifice, lays her eggs as she runs along, and frequently,

from her desire to have eggs, she drops them wherever she may happen to be if the male be (not) present.

Few birds attracted more general attention amongst the Greeks than the hoopoe, and Aristotle, on the whole, has given a good description of its habits, though he has exaggerated the change in its plumage.

He quotes Æschylus on the change of its color and form. The poet says:—

Now this hoopoe, the spectator of its own evils (*ἐπὶ τὴν ἑσπῶα τῶν αὐτοῦ κακῶν*), he has marked with various colors, and has displayed the bold rock-bird in full armor. In the beginning of spring it brandishes the wing of the white circus (hawk); for it will exhibit two forms, that of the young bird and of itself from one origin; and when the young ears of the corn have grown, it is clothed in variegated plumage.

Aristotle's own words are: "The hoopoe changes its color and its form, as Æschylus writes." Now, the plumage of the hoopoe is subject to less variety than occurs in most birds; the male and female do not differ, except that the colors of the male bird are a little more rich than in the female; there is no perceptible difference in the plumage in the spring and autumn, and the young closely resemble the parents. What is stated, however, with regard to the change in form is correct enough, and refers to the great development of the crest of the male during the spring, while the beak of the young bird is comparatively short and straight compared with that of the old one. In one passage he correctly states that the hoopoe makes no real nest, but lays its eggs in the stumps of hollow trees without building (vi. 1, § 3); but in another he astonishes us by quite another statement.*

Aristotle has some curious stories about eagles, and here too seems to depend upon the poets.

The eagle lays three eggs, but hatches only two, as is also related in the poems of Musæus,† "the bird which lays three eggs, hatches two, and cares only for one." Such things often

* Hist. An. ix. 15.

† The kingfisher breeds in the spring, as most birds do. The natural history fact is altered to make the season harmonize with the popular myth.

‡ M. Saint-Hilaire, in his note on ix. 15, § 3, as to the nests of these birds, writes: "Buffon conteste quelques-uns des détails donnés ici sur le nid de l'Halcyon; mais la minute même de ces détails atteste que les anciens avaient observé les choses de très-près."

* *ὁ δ' ἐποψ τὴν νεοττίαν μάλιστα ποιεῖται ἐκ τῆς ἀνθρωπίνης κόπρου* (ix. 16, § 1). The offensive smell of the nest, from the droppings of the young, and the materials, such as pieces of dried cowdung, may have given rise to the story, which, however, when taken as it stands, can give only a very wrong idea of a hoopoe's nest.

† Apparently some semi-mythological person like Orpheus. His line runs *ὅς τρία μὲν τίκτηι, δύο δ' ἐκλεπτεῖ, ἐν δ' ἀλεγειεῖται*, which Scaliger well renders by "Terna parit, binis exclusis educat unum."

occur, yet even three young ones have been seen in the nest. As the young grow, the old bird throws out one, because she grieves at the idea of feeding it (*ἀχθόμενος τῇ ἐδωδῇ*); at this time it is said to go without food, so that it need not capture the young of wild creatures. Its talons are then turned back for a few days, and its plumage becomes white, and it acts cruelly towards its young. . . . All eagles do not behave cruelly to their young. The eagle appears to eject its young from the nest through envy, for it is an envious and hungry bird by nature, and quick at seizing its prey . . . it ejects them before the proper time, when they still need food, and are as yet unable to fly. The sea eagle [probably *Haliaeetus albicilla*] is very quick-sighted, and compels its young ones, while still naked, to look at the sun, and if one of them will not do so it beats it and turns it round; and the young one which first weeps it kills, the other it rears.

And then, after stating that certain sea-birds called *κέφου* (perhaps "petrels") "are captured with foam which they devour," and a few other remarks, Aristotle thus concludes his ornithological instructions: "This, then, is the nature of birds."

There can be no doubt that Babylonia, Persia, and Egypt supplied the Greeks and Romans with much of their animal-lore; the old story, so celebrated in classic literature, about the swan singing before her death, comes probably from an Egyptian source. Aristotle accepts the myth as if it were fact. "Swans are musical, especially when near the end of their life: for they fly out even to the sea, and some persons sailing near Libya have met with many of them in the sea singing a mournful song, and have seen some of them die." Horapollon says "that when the Egyptians wished to symbolize an old minstrel they depict a swan, for when old it sings the sweetest melody." There is no very great difference between the two myths; and when we know that certain other Greek fables can be traced directly to an Egyptian source it is probable the same is the case with the swan.* It is curious to notice that Pliny discredits the story. "Horum morte narratur flebilis cantus, falso, ut arbitror, aliquot experientis" (x. 23).

* The following old folk-lore beliefs may be found both in Horapollon and Aristotle, with some slight difference of detail — that eggs may be fertilized by the wind; that goats breathe through their ears; that the hyena is double-sexed; that the lioness never conceives twice; that stags may be caught by music; that partridges are incontinent; that when eagles grow old their beaks cross and they die of hunger; that the hawk lays three eggs, breaks two, and hatches only one. Aristotle distinctly refutes three of these as absurd. One cannot assert positively that all these fables came originally from Egypt, but we think it probable.

The old notion that the cubs of the bear are, when first born, shapeless, and require to be moulded into form by the mother's tongue, finds itself, in part at least, supported by the authority of Aristotle.

The female bear produces a young one, the smallest of any animal compared with the size of her own body; it is less than a weasel and greater than a mouse; it is naked and blind, and its legs and all its members are almost without joints.

The young bear when just born is very small, about the size of a large, fat rat, but it is covered with hair. Two or three stuffed specimens of newly born bears, brown and polar, may be seen in the galleries of the British Museum at South Kensington. Aristotle makes no mention of the bear licking its cub into shape, which may or may not have been an idea of later growth. Ovid thus writes: —

Nec catulus, partu quem reddidit ursa recenti,
Sed malè viva caro est: lambendo mater in
artus
Ducit, et in formam, qualem capit ipsa, re-
ducit.*

The notion prevailed for ages after Aristotle, and the common English expression of an "unlicked cub" is doubtless a relic of the old fable. Matthiolus (born circ. 1500), the eminent physician of Tuscany and commentator on Dioscorides, showed about the middle of the sixteenth century the error of the unformed-cub story; he says: —

When I was in the valley of Anania above Trent, I saw a very large pregnant female bear, which had been eviscerated by the hunters. The cubs were in the womb, with all their members distinct and formed, by no means without shape, as many think, relying more on the authority of Aristotle and of Pliny (who have handed down this story) than on their senses and experience.†

According to Horapollon (ii. 83), if the Egyptians wished to symbolize a man who was born deformed, but afterwards had acquired his proper shape, "they delineate a pregnant bear which brings forth a mass of condensed blood, which is made into shape by being licked with its tongue."

Among other curiosities of zoological literature, mentioned by Aristotle, which seem to receive his support, and which may be set down as the current folk-lore of his time, we may enumerate the following: "If any one make a noise as grass-

* Met. xv. 379-381.

† Comment. in Dioscor., p. 206, ed. 1558.

hoppers fly along, they emit a kind of moisture, as agriculturists say; they feed on dew, and if a person advances to them bending his finger and then straightening it, they will remain more quiet than if the finger is put out straight at once, and will climb up the finger, for from bad sight they ascend it as if it were a moving leaf." "Persons who have parasites (*φθειρες*) in the head are less subject to headache. Moths are produced in the greatest abundance if a spider is shut up with them in the wool, for this creature being thirsty dries up any moisture which may be present. Small birds during the day fly round the owl — which is called admiring it — and as they fly round it they pluck out its feathers." "The anthus" (some brightly-colored bird) "is an enemy to the horse, for it drives the horse from its pasture and eats the grass, it imitates the voice of the horse and frightens it by flying at it, but when the horse catches it he kills it." "If any one takes hold of a she-goat by the long hairs of the beard, all the others stand still as if bewildered (*μειωρωμέναι*) and gaze at her." "The hawk, though carnivorous, does not eat the hearts of the birds it has killed." "The jay (*κίττα*) has many varieties of voice; it utters a different one, so to speak, every day." "The goat-sucker flies against the she-goats and sucks them, whence its name. They say that, after the udder has been sucked, it becomes dry and goes blind."* "Mares become less ardent and more gentle if their manes are cut.† At certain times they never run to the east or west, always north or south." "The sow gives the first teat to the first little pig that is born." When a serpent has taken its food, it draws itself up till it stands erect upon its tail (*ἐπὶ τὸ ἄσπον*).

* *Ælian* (iii. 39) and *Pliny* (x. 40) repeat this absurd and injurious statement. We cannot trace it in any writer prior to Aristotle. The delusion continues to this day in some parts of this country, and the insect-eating night-jar suffers.

† *ὅταν ἀποκείρωται*. This remark about mares contains a very curious out of old folk-lore. *MM. Aubert and Wimmer*, as usual, consider the passage apocryphal. *M. Saint-Hilaire* properly refuses to sanction its rejection. We may add that it has the express confirmation of *Ælian* (xi. 18), who refers to Aristotle by name as his authority. Rejection of the passage is wholly unwarranted. *Xenophon*, *Plutarch*, *Ælian*, and *Pliny* give us the same bit of folk-lore about mares. *Xenophon* (*De Re Equit.* c. 5) says that the mane, tail, and forelock were given to the horse by the gods as an additional beauty; consequently, that when the mane was clipped the mare lost her pride and dignity, became dejected on seeing her reflection in water, and humbly submitted to the solicitations of the male ass; that breeders of mules adopted this tonsure system on this account. *M. Saint-Hilaire's* note that the words of Aristotle are better applicable to stallions than to mares, shows that he has failed to discern the point in question.

Aristotle's reasons are sometimes amusing. Man has no tail because the available formative material has been used up in the posterior parts (buttock). Apes have neither tail nor buttocks because they are intermediate between man and quadrupeds. Bees and wasps have stings inside their bodies because they have wings. All crabs and lobsters (generally) have the large claw on the right, because all animals are by nature strong on the right side. Bees and ants are more intelligent than other animals of the kind, because their blood (fluid answering to blood) is thin and cold. The seal has no external ears, only ear-pores, because its feet are incapacitated for walking (*πεπρωμένον*). Serpents have a forked tongue because they are gluttonous, and a bifid tongue has a double tasting power. Man is the only animal that is tickled, because his skin is fine; and he is the only animal that laughs, and "tickling (*χαρῶσιμός*) is laughter from a motion of this kind about the armpit," which, as *Mr. Lewes* says, is "a physiological explanation rather difficult to understand." Insects eat little because their bodies are cold. It is curious to notice that Aristotle had no idea that insects produced eggs — they bring forth worms; he evidently took the larva stage as the normal birth-form. These instances are taken from the treatise "On the Parts of Animals."

But we need quote no farther, though it would be easy to supply many more samples of a like character; but surely these will incline us to refuse to admit that "in his accumulation of facts, Aristotle has not written one useless word;" neither are we able to see with *M. Saint-Hilaire*, from the study of the "History of Animals," an "originality which nothing had prepared, even as nothing completely new has followed it." *M. Saint-Hilaire* speaks of Aristotle's incessant practice of anatomy; it seems to us that he did not practise anatomy on any extended scale; that he occasionally dissected animals, is, however, certain from his own remarks here and there,* but he also mentions anatomical drawings as existing in his time and before him, and refers his readers to them. Had Aristotle habitually dissected animals, it is impossible that he could have made the incorrect assertions that he has on numerous points of observation not difficult of detection or dem-

* See *Hist. An.* v. 16, § 5, where certain organs of the cuttlefish (*sepia*) are explained by reference to letters A, B, Γ, Δ in a diagram.

onstration. It is chiefly, we imagine, amongst marine creatures that he practised dissection, and to which he paid most personal attention; and certainly, many of his observations are admirably correct on some of the fishes, for instance, sponges, crustacea, cephalopoda, and other sea creatures.* Aristotle's father was a man of some scientific culture, and anatomy probably formed one part in his boyhood education, which study he continued to some extent in after years. His was an all-grasping mind—an ambition to know all subjects; but in zoological matters constant observations and repeated verifications are necessary to establish fact, and observation and verification were not Aristotle's strong points; his anatomical knowledge was very limited, and, as Mr. G. H. Lewes says, "to explain the phenomena of life without having previously mastered the facts of anatomy, is as hopeless as to attempt an explanation of the action of a watch in ignorance of springs, escapement, and wheels, merely from seeing it wound up and hearing it tick. Nothing but vague, unassured guesses can be formed. Of this kind is the physiology of Aristotle." Had Aristotle any acquaintance with human anatomy from actual dissection? It appears to us almost certain that Hippocrates (nearly contemporary with Aristotle) and other medical authorities of antiquity occasionally at least practised *inspectiones cadaverum*. The human body was openly dissected in the anatomical schools of Alexandria considerably less than one hundred years after the death of Hippocrates; it is, therefore, highly probable that the practice had prevailed before that time, though not to the same extent. Hippocrates was by profession a physician, and probably taught anatomy in his school; and there seems good reason for believing that on physiological questions Aristotle borrowed freely from that most eminent physician of antiquity. Aristotle may sometimes have been present at the examination of human bodies, but it is pretty certain that he never carried on anything like systematic operations, never dissected in the modern technical acceptance of that term. If he had, would he have said that the kidneys of a man resemble those of a ox, and "consist of

many little reniform bodies (*ἐκ πολλῶν νεφρῶν μικρῶν*) and are not smooth like those of sheep or other four-footed creatures"?* or that the uterus is double; or that the heart is placed above the lungs near the bifurcation of the trachea; † that the brain is without blood, and that the back part of the skull is empty?—a statement frequently made. If Aristotle did dissect human bodies, then, as Mr. Lewes remarks: "An answer in the affirmative would be still more damaging to his reputation, since it would render many of his errors unpardonable." The evidence, we think, is almost conclusive that he did not dissect human bodies.

There seems much reason to believe that he paid little attention to the examination of the skeletons of animals, and that his osteological knowledge was very limited. Let us consider what he has recorded of a certain bone, well known to the Greeks as being one much used for dice and some other purposes—we of course mean the astragalus. "Many cloven-footed animals," he says, "have an astragalus, but no many-toed animals have one, neither has man; the lynx has as it were half an astragalus, the lion one in the form of a coil (*λαβυρινθώδη*); solid-hoofed animals, with the exception of the Indian ass, have no astragalus, swine have not a well-formed astragalus."‡ The fact is that the hind feet of all mammals possess this bone, with slight differences in form and relative position with the other tarsal bones, but always preserving their characteristic shape. Aristotle recognizes this bone only, as a rule, in the ruminants, and denies its existence generally in the hind feet of other animals. This bone was familiar to him as occurring in the sheep and goat, because they supplied principally the dice used originally in the Greek game. Had he examined the hind feet of the animals which he specifies as having no astragalus, he could not have committed such an error; had he been in the habit of dissecting animals for osteological information, he must have noticed the uniform presence of this characteristic tarsal bone in the mammalia.

Aristotle had a theory—a kind of physiological axiom—that led him to infer that certain animals could not have an astragalus, and therefore he did not exam-

* Eels are of course discussed; they are supposed to be produced spontaneously from the mud and not from eggs. Though there are some points in the generation of eels which remain obscure to this day, we know that they are produced from eggs; the milt of the conger eel was discovered a few years ago, and much has been learnt. M. Saint-Hilaire's zoology is not very recent.

* De Part. iii. 9, p. 671, ed. Bekker.

† Hist. An. i. 14, § 1.

‡ *ὁὐ καλίστραγαλον*, perhaps, "not prettily shaped" like the tarsal bone of the gazelle (*δορκας*), which was much prized. See Polybius, xxvi. 10. 9.

ine them to prove his theory; he was satisfied that his theory proved his facts, and there was no need of verification. We shall see this in the following passage from his "Parts of Animals," where he gives his reason why certain animals have no astragalus.

The feet of quadrupeds differ, for some animals have one hoof, others a cloven foot, others many divisions in the foot. One-hoofed animals are those which, on account of their large size and abundance of earthly matter, have secreted such matter for the formation of nail or hoof, instead of horns and teeth, and on account of this superabundance, instead of many nails have only one—a solid hoof. Hence, on this account, to speak generally, such animals have not an astragalus, for if they had one, the joint of the hind leg would be moved with greater difficulty, because parts with one angle open and shut more readily than parts with many angles; but the astragalus, a kind of wedge (*γέφυρος*) is fixed as a foreign member in two other bones; it has weight indeed, but conduces to the security of the step. On this account animals which have an astragalus have it in the hind feet, and not in the fore, because the parts which move first ought to be light and flexible, whereas the hind parts require security and tension (*τάσις*). Moreover, animals without this bone can give a more heavy blow in defending themselves, such, for instance, as use their hind legs, and kick at what hurts them. But animals with cloven feet have an astragalus, for they are lighter behind; and because they have an astragalus they have not solid hoofs, the bony matter which is wanting in the foot serving for flexure. But many-toed animals have not an astragalus, otherwise they would not be many-toed, but cleft for so much of the breadth of the foot as the astragalus occupies (iv. 10, p. 690, ed. Bekker).

His argument is mainly as follows, from what may be clearly gathered from several other passages: large animals have in their system much earthly matter (*γεώδες*), the superabundance of such matter (*ἡ περισσώματικὴ ὑπερβολή*) nature uses in the formation of teeth, tusks, and horns; in solid-hoofed animals, as in a horse for instance, the excess of earthly matter goes to form the hoof, and not horns or tusks as it does in cattle and elephants; and as this excess is spent in the formation of a solid hoof, such animals have no astragalus, which is only a kind of superadded bone, and would be, in the horse for instance, a detriment rather than an advantage. With such conceptions Aristotle imagined the phenomena of nature must correspond, and hence the true guide, "the Ariadne thread by which the real

issues may be found," viz. verification, was neglected, and error promulgated.

The mention of the Indian ass, which Aristotle receives with some degree of incredulity, as coming from Ctesias, whom he describes as a man "unworthy of credit" (*ὄντις δὲ ἀξιώπιαιτος*), suggests a few remarks. The Indian ass, as described by Ctesias* is fabulous altogether, but it is interesting as being the origin of the unicorn, which even now supports the arms of England. The Indian rhinoceros in all probability is at the bottom of the story told by Ctesias. The astragalus of this animal was prized by the Indian hunters, who pursued it for the sake of its horns as well. Ctesias was shown the astragalus, which he says was "the most beautiful he ever beheld, in shape and size like that of the ox, but heavy as lead, its color resembled cinnabar throughout its whole substance" (*καὶ οὕτως βάνοντος*). The description will suit the astragalus of the rhinoceros well enough; of course the specimen Ctesias saw had been artificially stained with some red dye, and perhaps leaded. Drinking-cups were made out of its horn, and filings of the same were used as an antidote against poison, spasms, and other diseases. Drinking-vessels and cups are to this day made from the horn of the rhinoceros in the interior of Africa, where the unicorn (*anasa* of the natives) is nothing more than the rhinoceros; the people attribute to the horn the very same properties which Ctesias did. Although some of the stories about the strange animals and plants which Ctesias gives can be explained to some extent, making great allowance for the marvellous, it is quite impossible to deny that several of them are pure unmitigated fables. Not, however, that we believe Ctesias to be, as some have supposed, a mere fabricator of lies, a sort of classical Baron Munchausen, one who, in the words of Lucian, "neither saw what he relates nor heard it from any one else." On the contrary, we believe that he is perfectly truthful, that he heard from the Persians their strange stories of certain animals and plants of India, which perhaps they themselves credited, and that he has simply given their accounts. He never visited India himself, and he accepts too credulously no doubt the marvellous stories which he had heard. Herein may be a strong contrast between the philosophic mind of Aristotle and the unquestioning credulity of Ctesias, though, like Homer, even

* Indica, caps. 25-27, p. 25, ed. Baehr.

Aristotle *aliquando dormit*. We have taken the trouble to analyze carefully all that Ctesias has written in his fragmentary account of India. He mentions about fifty subjects, some in a few words, some in many. Several of these may be explained, making allowance for the usual exaggerations and love of the marvellous which attend all natural-history anecdotes, unless checked by strict scientific investigation. His dog-headed cave-men; his pygmies with ears reaching to their shoulders, which meet together and cover the back behind; the worm (*σκῶληξ*), the only creature of the river Indus, with two teeth and a body which a child can scarcely span with his two hands, which drags camels and oxen into the water and devours them all but the entrails; the griffins; the *dicerus* bird, which philanthropically hides its deadly excrement; the *martichoras*, of lion-like form and human visage, that shoots forth poisonous darts from its scorpion-like tail—a figure of which may be seen in old Topsell, and which has been lately reproduced by Miss Phipson in her "Animal Lore of Shakespeare"—all these, with others, are simply creatures of the imagination, like the stone and wood adornments of ecclesiastical buildings of mediæval architecture; but Ctesias gives a short but fairly correct account of the parrot, the bird which speaks with human tongue; his wormlike creatures of the size and of the color of cinnabar, which infest trees, are probably some species of cochineal insect (*coccus*); his swift, fierce, and iron-like *crocottas* imitating man's voice is the *Hyæna crocuta*, still found in Ethiopia; and there is no very great exaggeration in the idea, as any one can testify who has heard the curious voice of the laughing hyæna. He has given a fair account of the large Indian mastiff, the same animal which the Assyrian kings employed in the chase of wild beasts; his small sheep and cattle may be even now seen in India, as in the little zebu; while his mention of a variety of iron which, when fixed in the ground averts storms and lightnings recalls to our mind the lightning-conductor of modern days. We acknowledge the fabulous character of many stories in his "Indica," but we object to Aristotle's stigma on the good faith of Ctesias, when, as in the treatise "On the Generation of Animals," he speaks of the Greek physician of Artaxerxes as a manifest liar (*παρεπὸς ἱπποκράτους*).

Aristotle had no high opinion of Herodotus as a relater of natural-history sub-

jects, and he convicts him of some very absurd statements, stigmatizing him as a "mythologist." When Herodotus is wrong, Aristotle refutes him sometimes by name, sometimes under the expression "some say;" it is, however, noticeable that when Aristotle accepts the accounts which Herodotus gives of certain animals, he does not hesitate to appropriate his remarks without a word as to his authority; he makes use of them as if they were his own. This is very evident in the accounts of the crocodile and hippopotamus. In the case of the great saurian of the Nile, all that Aristotle tells us is borrowed from Herodotus, with the exception of the number of eggs it is said to lay; and it is curious to notice that he even tells the story of the little bird (*trochilos*) which eats the leeches out of the crocodile's mouth—a story long discredited, but which has been to a great extent corroborated by M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, the eminent French naturalist, who long resided in Egypt and had repeated occasions to ascertain that the story of Herodotus was correct, in substance at least. He found that a little bird, the black-headed plover (*Pluvianus ægyptius*), flies incessantly from place to place, searching everywhere, even in the crocodile's mouth, for insects, such as gnats, which attack the great saurian in innumerable swarms, and entering his mouth, cover the inner surface of the palate with a brownish black crust. The little plover comes and delivers him from his troublesome enemies. That curious friendships exist between animals widely different from each other in form and habit, is well known to naturalists; we may instance the case of the rhinoceros and hippopotamus, which are often attended by little birds known as rhinoceros-birds, which feed on the ticks and other parasites that infest these beasts, and which serve as well to warn them of approaching danger; the great pachyderms fully understand the bird's warning, and doubtless appreciate its good offices. The ancient Greeks and Romans do not appear to have been very scrupulous in the acknowledgment of their sources of information. Herodotus borrowed his description of the hippopotamus from Hecataeus, and his account of the mode adopted by the Egyptians for catching the crocodile, as well as his story of the phoenix; and certainly writes as if he was the originator of his narratives. Aristotle borrowed from Herodotus; perhaps Hecataeus told his own story. Though Aristotle depended to a considerable ex-

tent on his own observations, it is certain that he drew largely from other sources. Schneider on this point writes:—

Aristotle had very likely more authorities whom he has followed or converted to his own purposes than those whose names he has given. There are, however, a few whom he has named, as Alcmaeon of Crotona, Dionysius of Apollonia, Heradorus of Heracleum in Pontus, the father of Bryson the sophist, Ctesias of Cnidos, Herodotus of Halicarnassus, Syennesis of Cyprus, Polypus, Democritus of Abdera, Anaxagoras of Clazomene, Empedocles of Sicily. . . . There are many places, both in his Natural History and his other works on animals, where our philosopher refers to the ancient fables of men who were transformed into the nature and forms of various animals. . . . All who have read the work of Antoninus and the Metamorphoses of Ovid, will easily perceive how much information on the nature and habits of animals our philosopher could have derived from the very character of the books which had come down from the remotest antiquity to the time of Aristotle, especially if they bear in mind that the ancient teachers of physics always compared the habits of animals with those of man, and conjectured the causes and reasons of their actions from similar impulses in man. This may be seen in the fables of Æsop, for they contain the first elements of the ancients in physics and morals. (Cresswell's translation.)

We cannot help thinking that much of Aristotle's human anatomy and physiology was derived from Hippocrates, whom, however, he only mentions once, and that Democritus supplied him with a good deal of matter on the forms and habits of various animals. M. B. Saint-Hilaire has well said in his interesting preface that "amongst all the predecessors of Aristotle, Democritus is the one from whom he has been able to borrow most; that in the opinion of every one Democritus was the wisest of the Greeks before the time of Aristotle; and that the acquirements of Democritus seem to have been as varied, if not as profound, as those of Aristotle."

Speaking of the "History of Animals," looked at absolutely in relation to the science of which it treats, Mr. Lewes makes one remark at all events which we cannot altogether endorse; he says, "There is not one good description in it." We, on the contrary, consider there are many. Let us take two or three examples: Aristotle is nowhere more happy in his descriptions than when he is discoursing of marine animals. What seaside observer is unacquainted with the sea-squids, known to naturalists by the name of tunicated molluscs, or ascidians?

The creatures called tethya have of all animals the most peculiar nature, for their whole body is concealed in a shell, which is intermediate between skin and shell, so that it can be cut like hard leather. The shell-like substance grows upon rocks. It has two pores distinct from each other, very small and not readily seen, by which it emits and takes in water. When opened, one sees first of all that it has a gristle-like membrane within, lining the shell-like substance, and in this is the fleshy substance of the tethya itself, unlike that of other creatures, for the flesh is homogeneous throughout. It is united in two places to the membrane and the skin on the side, and in the point of union it is narrower on each side. By these places it extends to the outside pores which pass through the shell. There it both emits and takes in food and moisture, as if one were the mouth and the other the vent; the one is somewhat thick, the other thin. In the inside also there is a cavity at each end, and a middle part which forms continuous partitions.* In one of the cavities there is moisture; besides this it has no sensitive or organic part. . . . The color of the tethya is partly yellow, partly red.

On the whole this is a good popular description of a tunicated ascidian; a scientific one was impossible without the aid of the microscope, and, as was to be expected, the description is not strictly speaking scientifically correct. Aristotle has also given a very good descriptive account of the chameleon, though one cannot expect that he would be perfectly accurate in all the details. He mentions the structure of the ribs, how they descend and are joined together on the hypogastric region, the serrated back, the prehensile tail, the number and position of the toes; "its eyes are fixed in a hollow, and are large and round, surrounded with skin like the rest of the body; in the centre there is a small space left for the sight, through which aperture it sees, and this part is never covered with skin. It turns round its eyes in a circle and can direct its vision to all sides and can see what it wishes. The change in the color of the skin occurs when the animal is filled with air." It is curious that he does not men-

* καὶ διέρρηγαι μέσσην τι συνεχές. Aristotle is, we think, alluding to the respiratory sac, i.e., to the quadrangular interspaces or square meshes formed by the longitudinal and transverse vessels which form a kind of network throughout the whole of the bronchial sac, which in some large ascidia are visible to the naked eye. M. Saint-Hilaire translates the words "Il y a un petit corps continu qui y fait cloison," and thinks they may possibly refer to the ganglion between the two tubular orifices. Such a small object could not possibly be discerned without the aid of a microscope of considerable magnifying power. Moreover, Aristotle knew nothing whatever either of nerves or nerve-ganglia, and there is no mention of the epithet "small" in the original.

tion the peculiar structure of the tongue-bone, or the vermiform tongue, extensile and retractile, by means of which the creature catches the insects and larvæ on which it feeds; and that he takes no notice of its great lungs. He is incorrect in saying there is no spleen, which organ is always present in the reptilia, and that the chameleon has no blood except about the heart.

Aristotle gives a very good description of a hermit crab, that curious occupant of univalves familiar to all observers:—

The creature called *carcinum* resembles both the malacostraca (*crustacea*) and the ostracodermata (*testacea*), for it is like in its nature to the *carabi* (lobsters). It is born naked, but because it clothes itself with a shell, and lives in it, it is like the *testacea*, and thus it partakes of the nature of both these classes. In shape, to speak plainly, it is like a spider, except that the lower part of the head and thorax is larger. It has two thin red horns, and two large eyes below these, not within nor turned on one side like those of the crab, but straight forwards. Below these is the mouth, and round it many hairlike appendages. Next to these there are two divided feet, with which it seizes its prey, and two besides these on each side, and a third pair smaller. Below the thorax the whole creature is soft, and when opened is yellow within. It does not grow to the shell, like the *purpura* and the *ceryx*, but is easily freed from it.*

This is a fair general description of a hermit crab (*pagurus*), but it is not sufficiently precise for the determination of the species.

Aristotle had an ardent love and admiration of nature, and in nature he always saw the beautiful, though he, like the Greek philosophers generally, seldom cared to be demonstrative in the expression of his feelings. The following passage from his treatise "On the Parts of Animals" has deservedly attracted the admiring attention of M. Saint-Hilaire:—

Having already treated of these subjects, and given what is our opinion about them, it remains for us now to speak of animated nature (*περί τῆς ζωικῆς φύσεως*), omitting nothing, as far as lies in our power, whether it be ignoble or honorable; for even in those things which seem less pleasing to our senses in our contemplation of them, Nature, the creator of all things (*ἡ δημιουργήσασα φύσις*), affords inconceivable pleasures to those able to discover the causes of things and are philosophers by nature. For it would be unexpected and strange indeed if, when looking at images of things, we rejoice when we survey the art that produced them, whether in painting or sculpture, and do

not rather love the sight of the actual works of Nature when we are able to discover their causes. Hence we ought not to regard with disgust, in a childish way, the inspection of the more ignoble animals, because in all Nature's works there is something wonderful; and as Heracleitus is said to have addressed certain strangers who wished to see him, and who, having found him warming himself by the kitchen fire, stopped, and he bade them enter without fear, "for even here," said he, "are the gods," in like manner, in investigations concerning each living creature we must approach without notions of a painful spectacle, because in all things there is something of nature and of beauty.*

The story told by Pliny and Athenæus that Aristotle received many animals from India through the generous liberality of Alexander is very improbable indeed, and there is nothing in Aristotle's zoological works to lead one to suppose that any Indian animals had been sent to him. Humboldt, Schneider, Grote, and others have rejected the tradition without hesitation. The notices of the forms and habits of Asiatic animals are often brief, and generally inaccurate, and were probably derived by Aristotle, as Humboldt says, from information obtained by him quite independently of the Macedonian expeditions, from Persia and from Babylon, the centre of such widely extended trading intercourse. We agree with M. Saint-Hilaire that we owe the "History of Animals" and the other zoological works of Aristotle to the genius of the author, the comprehensive mind, the untiring industry, the love of knowledge which had no bounds, the admiration of nature which characterized this great Greek philosopher; and we are grateful for the possession of his writings; but we must not exaggerate the value of his natural-history writings, we must not pay an absurd homage to antiquity by placing the pretensions of the ancients upon an equality with those of the moderns, as Buffon, Cuvier, and others have done; for, as the author of one of the Bridge-water Treatises has well said: "The question does not regard the original powers of the mind, but the amount of accumulated knowledge on which those powers are to be exercised; and it would indeed be extraordinary if, inverting the analogy of individuals, the world should not be wiser in its old age than it was in its infancy." Antecedently to the knowledge of the circulation of the blood, the true character of respiration and of the ner-

* Hist. An. iv. 4, § 14.

* De Part. An. i. 4, p. 645, ed. Bekker.

vous system, zoological science was impossible and error inevitable. Before the invention of the microscope physiological knowledge could make very little advance. Had Aristotle lived in our age we should have seen him, we imagine, in the noble army of Darwin and Huxley, and other patient investigators of the phenomena of nature and of the working of nature's laws. Verification of facts, the cautious proof that certain organic structures *do* occur in such and such animals, would take the place of the statement that they *must* occur in accordance with some presupposed theory, and thus true knowledge would increase, and there would be no need for imagination to supply the deficiencies of observation.

We must not conclude this article without a few words of hearty congratulation to the veteran French translator of Aristotle's works, M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire. The "Histoire des Animaux d'Aristote," in three handsome, well-printed volumes, his latest translation, appears to be exceedingly well done; it accurately represents the Greek, and is accompanied by copious useful footnotes,* and an exhaustive index, and although we cannot share with him his almost unqualified praise of Aristotle as a writer of natural history, and fail to see such an "unheard-of multiplicity of facts observed with so much exactness" as he has discovered, we are glad to bear witness to the great merit of his translation. It is a valuable addition to Aristotelian literature, and will, we think, add fresh lustre to the honored name of Saint-Hilaire.

* We could wish that the footnotes sometimes contained more definite zoological information. We turn to M. Saint-Hilaire's note on the mole (*ἀσπίλας*). He does not tell us whether Aristotle's animal is the insectivorous *Talpa* or the rodent mole-rat (*Spalax typhus*). The correctness of Aristotle depends on this question. If he is speaking of the common mole he is wrong when he says "it has no apparent eyes, being covered with skin," for, as Sir Thomas Browne remarks, "that moles have eyes in their head is manifested unto any one that wants them not in his own." If Aristotle is speaking of the *Spalax*, or mole-rat, he is quite right, for this creature's eyes are covered with the skin. Fortunately there is one word in Aristotle's account which settles the question, viz., *χαυλιόδοντες* (Hist. An. iv. 8, § 2) spoken of the teeth. This word is frequent in Aristotle's zoological treatises, and refers to the prominent teeth of certain creatures, as the tusks of the elephant and wild boar. Now the teeth of the *Spalax* are long, conspicuous, and chisel-shaped, and may well be called *χαυλιόδοντες*. MM. Aubert and Wimmer think this passage containing a notice of the brain channels (*πόροι νευρώδεις*) is a later interpolation. If it be so, it shows that the interpolator had interpreted Aristotle's animal as the *Spalax*, and not the insectivorous *Talpa*, but the question as to what special animals are denoted in Greek and Latin authors generally by the words *ἀσπίλας*, *σπίλας*, and *talpa*, opens out a subject too wide for present discussion.

From The Sunday Magazine.
AT ANY COST.

BY EDWARD GARRETT.

AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE," "THE CRUST AND THE CAKE," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SECRET IN THE BIBLE.

TOM OLLISON'S half-dreamy conjecture had been right. In the middle of the night Grace Allan, who had never been to bed, left her room and stole down-stairs to the parlor.

There was something aroused in her which must be satisfied in one way or another, at any cost. What did Mr. Sandison know about her? Did he know anything? And if so, how had he learned it? *And was there not something to know about himself?* What lay between the sealed fly-leaves of the family Bible?

She determined to risk anything to find that out. She did not hope to do so and to escape detection in so doing. (She had already tried numberless times to do that.) No; she would be at the secret anyhow. After she once knew it, whatever it might be, probably Mr. Sandison would think thrice before he put her out of the house for her inquisitiveness, or before he again "cast up" against her what "was none of his business," what he had no right to know, and that, after she had lived "so respectable" for nigh fifty years.

It was odd that deaf Grace, who had not heard one of her master's words, had made out a bitter reproach where Tom Ollison had heard only a pathetic appeal.

She went down into the parlor, still groping in the dark, found a candlestick, and got a light.

Then she took the big Bible from its shelf and laid it on the table.

But somehow, a little hesitation seized her, as if she could not hasten to do what could never be undone. So she left the Bible lying closed, while she cleared the supper table and tidied the apartment, as she usually did before going up-stairs to bed, but had failed to do on the preceding evening.

All this was only the delay of nervous irresolution, it meant no relenting change of mood.

So, at last, she drew a chair to the table, and set down the candle beside her, a little spot of light in the surrounding gloom. Then she opened the Bible, and fumbled at the sealed leaves with fingers which trembled strangely.

How little do any of us know when and how we shall take the judgment-book of our own lives into our hands, and opening it, perhaps in pride and malice, to read the sentence of another, shall find instead the simple home-thrust, —

"Thou art the man!"

One seal was broken! So cleanly too that she almost thought it might be mended unnoticeably, and her heart beat faster with the thought that if she had such good luck with another, she might so repair the damage as to be possessed of "the truth" about her master, without his knowing where she had found it.

But that was not to be. The second seal smashed and fell in fragments. Yet she scarcely noticed that disappointment in the fact that the leaves were now so widely parted that sundry papers fell from them into her lap, and that she could also distinctly see between them.

They were both entirely blank.

The secret then was among those loose papers. Eagerly she turned them over — one or two old letters, and a few dim and yellow cuttings from prints.

Then came a low, terrible, incredulous cry. For one moment the papers fell from her hands, but in another she was wildly seeking some clue for their arrangement so as to get the whole narrative in its dreaded sequence. Each scrap of paper had a date written upon it, and how instinctively she seemed to know which was the earliest!

This was a bit of old newspaper, thin in texture and weak in type, suggestive of old-fashioned provincial journalism. It was only a short paragraph, and it ran: —

"Last week, one evening, a Buchanness fisherman found a baby lying at the foot of the Buller rocks. The child, a boy, had evidently been exposed for some time, as it was in a very suffering condition. The fisherman was directed to it by its cry, which he mistook at first for that of a sea-bird. He carried the poor little waif home to his wife, and, to the credit of their humanity, they have resolved to take charge of it for the present. There is no clue as to those who must have so wilfully and cruelly deserted the child. Only a lad reports that, in the early morning of the day when the baby was found, he met a strange woman walking very fast in the direction of Ellon. He did not notice anything about her, except that her black shawl was fastened by a silver brooch, formed in a plain hollow circle, which caught his eye through the sun glancing on it as he passed her. His

impression is that she was young and not tall."

(There was just such a silver brooch formed in a plain hollow circle, sticking in the pincushion in Grace Allan's bedroom. She had worn it at her throat on the preceding evening.)

This scrap of printed matter had been evidently enclosed in a letter bearing date two or three years later. As Grace hastily scanned its contents she found this must have been written by the Buchanness fisherman to his sister, married and childless, in Shetland. It set forth that his own wife being dead, and he resolved on going to Newfoundland, he purposed committing to the charge of her and her husband the adopted child of whom he had already written, and whom he was sending to them by trusty hands, along with certain of his savings, which would assist in its maintenance until it could "fend for itself."

This letter was endorsed in Peter Sandison's handwriting. "Found among the papers of my adopted parents after their death. My first discovery of the truth." And the date was given.

Then came a narrow printed slip with a date not long subsequent. This was only an advertisement offering reward or advantage of some kind to any person coming forward able to give any information whatever which might lead towards the discovery of the antecedents of a male child, found deserted among the rocks of Buchanness, on such a day of such a year, and believed to have been deserted by a woman wearing a black shawl, with a silver circle for a brooch.

This advertisement had apparently elicited one letter — the long and rambling letter of an uneducated person. But it was not too long or too illegible for Grace's patience.

It set forth that, years before, the writer, a seafaring man and a native of Buchanness, having engaged for a voyage from one of the more southern seaports, had been leisurely journeying towards his port by easy stages, stopping with sundry relatives on the road; that he had thus stopped in Ellon; that while there, chancing to look from his bedroom window at a very early hour in the morning, he saw a woman go past carrying a baby in her arms; that he took a good look at her, wondering who she could be, since there was something in her dress and appearance different from those of the women of that neighborhood who were likely to be abroad at such an hour; that she was short in stature, pale

and dark, and wore a black shawl; that, of course, he thought no more of the incident, travelled to his port, went his voyage, and never even heard of the baby deserted among the rocks; that many years after, while making purchases in the shop of a nautical instrument maker in London, he had been particularly struck by a woman who appeared to be acting as a working housekeeper in the establishment, because her face seemed familiar to him, though he was utterly unable to fix the memory; he had asked her whether she could help him at all—whether, on her side, she had the least idea of having ever seen him before, that she had answered decidedly and surlily, "Certainly not;" that he had remained unconvinced, and had even asked one of the shopmen what her name was, and was told she was a Miss Grace Allan, and belonged to London, and was, said the man, such a perfect porcupine of propriety, that she had probably construed the seaman's good-natured question into an insult; that he had thought no more of the matter; that it was only afterwards, when returning through Ellon, that in quite a casual way the remembrance of the woman he had seen in the road there flashed on his mind, identifying her with the London housekeeper (whose blank denial of all recollection of him was therefore quite truthful, since, on the first occasion of his seeing her, she had not seen him), that being near Buchanness when the advertisement appeared asking for information concerning the desertion of the child, he then, for the first time, heard the story, already forgotten by all but elderly neighbors; that, with the exception of the black shawl, he could not speak as to what the woman was wearing whom he saw in Ellon, but that he could swear that the instrument maker's housekeeper wore for a brooch a flat silver circle, because he took special notice of it, thinking such would not be an unsuitable design for a gift he was at that time about to make; that he gave all this information for what it was worth, not seeking reward, which indeed he would not take; that it was nothing in itself, yet might lead to something; but that he was bound to say, in conclusion, that the London instrument maker was since dead, and that his establishment was utterly broken up and scattered.

The only other document was a sheet of foolscap, on which was set forth a list of the places which Grace Allan had filled, between her leaving the instrument mak-

er's and her coming to Peter Sandison's. Considering the number of the years in this interval, this list was not short. For the increasing acerbity of Grace's temper and the inconvenience of her deafness had made her an unwelcome and awkward inmate of the households which she had entered. She had been indeed a poor old woman, very low down in the world, and with a very gloomy outlook, when, all unexpectedly, the offer of the post of Mr. Sandison's housekeeper had come to her.

She had believed that she quite saw through her new master's acceptance and endurance of her infirmities. He had secrets of his own, which made him quite content to stand aside from the ordinary comforts and amenities of life, secrets perhaps which made it safer for him so to do. From the very first she had asked herself, sourly, "What could he have hidden in those locked-up rooms, which nobody ever entered—ay, which she had never entered yet—after all these years?"

Ah, and she had asked herself also, "What had he got hidden between the sealed-up leaves of the big Bible?"

As the remembrance of that old wonder and suspicion turned round and stung her, the loose papers fluttered from her hand to the floor, leaving in her grasp only that in which they had been folded, and which she had thought at first was but a blank wrapper. She saw now that there was writing upon it. There were but a few words; and how strangely they seemed to dance before her eyes! What was wrong with them, or with her?"

They were in Peter Sandison's own handwriting, and they were nothing but a transcript of the texts:—

"Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee."

"When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord taketh me up."

She gathered up the papers and put them back between the severed leaves. She had no longer any thought of hiding what she had done. What did that matter now?

She sat there still and silent. The sweet spring dawn was brightening outside; a silver shaft of light stole softly even to that gloomy parlor.

How well she remembered that red, red dawn over the eastern sea, when she had sped along the desolate roads, amid the treeless, hedgeless fields of dreary Buchan, with her baby at her breast! her

one thought, how to put far from her the shame of it, and, above all, the burden of it; for there was none to share it with her. She remembered all her thoughts that day, and all that had gone before, as one might remember a story that was told one of another.

Once or twice, in the long, long years since, she had vaguely wondered whether that boy had lived or died. Once, when her way had been very hard — just before Peter Sandison had crossed her path — she had half-wondered whether it might not have been well for her to have struggled for his infancy, if, haply so, he might have defended her old age. But it was wonderful how seldom she had ever thought of him at all. The remembrance had never made her pitiful to one forlorn child, nor merciful to one sinful woman.

Old Grace Allan sat in the pale morning light; but it was not of past things that she thought. Nay, she thought of nothing. There was only once more a bitter protest against the penalty she had to bear. It seemed to her now, that the penalty from which she had shrunk in her young womanhood had been light indeed, though it still seemed to her "but natural" that she should have struck a deadly blow to escape it. And that it should turn up like this, after all — how hard, how hard, how hard it was! For to Grace's narrow mind this was no simple fulfilment of the everlasting law that, somewhere on some day, sin shall ever find out the sinner, it seemed to her a special providence, and therefore specially cruel. Was she, after all, to be condemned as a would-be murderess and a lifelong hypocrite? It was not fair! Such measure was not meted out to everybody. She would not bear it! She would escape somewhere, somehow! Futile as she had just proved such efforts to be, she was ready for them again. Experience is such a puzzling teacher. When we do well, and yet fail, she says distinctly, "Try again." When we do badly, and fail, we are apt to catch that echo.

Grace had laid her plans well when she was young and vigorous in mind and body, and they had all come to nothing. Now she had no plans to lay, nothing to start upon, except the blind rebellion within her.

She would go away from here; she did not know where she meant to go. She did not know that she forgot to take anything with her, even a bonnet or shawl.

She did not notice that she left the Bible lying open on the table, ready to tell its tale. She knew only her own wild determination not to meet the eyes of Peter Sandison. She would have shrunk from them less had her story been new to her son this day. But he had known it all the time; he had never looked at her, unknowing of it.

The candle had gone on burning in the wan dawning. It was at the socket now, and when it flickered and went out, that roused her to the consciousness that it was now broad daylight. What was to be done must be done quickly.

She stole from the parlor and crept through the shop. Then, with chill and trembling hands, she unfastened the front door. How heavy the bolts and bars seemed! But they were all undone at last, and the morning air blew freshly on her withered face. She closed the door behind her very gently, lest any noise should penetrate through the house and rouse the sleepers in the far-off bedrooms. And then she went down the street, moving slowly, close by the houses, even drawing her hand along their shutters, as if she would have been glad of some support. If her mind had not been dead to all outside of herself, she would have noticed a woman standing half-inside the old-fashioned porch of a neighboring house — a woman who had spent the whole night walking to and fro and in and out of the quiet lanes in the vicinity, terribly fearless of the belated and half-tipsy wanderers who had greeted her with gibe and insult, and meekly obedient to the policeman's gruff behest to "move on." This was a young woman, dressed in thin garments of tawdry finery, with a fluff of golden hair about her face, like a neglected aureole, and with blue eyes which looked like faded forget-me-nots. It was Kirsty Mail.

When Kirsty saw Grace issue from the door of Mr. Sandison's house she herself but drew back farther into the shadow, not wishing to be seen by her who had met her so inhospitably on the previous evening. But when she saw the old woman creep along, with her strangely groping hands, and marked her grey head bare to the morning breeze — for Grace wore not even her cap — then Kirsty felt that something was wrong, and first she peeped from the porch, and then she stole after the fugitive.

On and on went Grace, and on went Kirsty after her. It struck Kirsty very soon that the old woman was going she

knew not whither. She walked like one blind, and every moment her step became more automatic. "Is she out of her mind?" reflected the younger woman. "Perhaps she is one of those who have fits of insanity, and it may have been a fit coming on, which made her so harsh to me last night. Poor old soul!"

Suddenly the old woman paused, made one more stumbling effort, and sank to the ground. Kirsty was by her side in an instant.

The world was waking up by this time. Two or three workmen were hastening to their daily labor, a shopman was taking down his shutters, and a policeman was lounging at a corner, waiting to be relieved from his duty. These all crowded about the two women. They looked rather suspiciously at poor Kirsty; but when she declared that she knew the old lady, that she was the housekeeper at Mr. Sandison's in Penman Row — they were not so far from that quarter as to be ignorant of the name — and when Grace herself was discovered to be speechless, they found they could not do better than accept Kirsty's guidance.

So they carried Grace Allan back, staring, wide-eyed, and unresisting, Kirsty following, rendering kindly little attentions. Penman Row was still empty and silent. The prolonged ringing of the door-bell gave the first notice to Mr. Sandison and Tom that something unusual had happened. The men told where and how they had found the stricken woman. While they carried her up-stairs to her own room Mr. Sandison, going into the parlor to search for some homely restorative, discovered the ravaged Bible. And Kirsty, cowering down beside Tom, sobbed out, —

"I missed you last evening, and I didn't think I'd dare to face her again; so I was watching about for a chance of seeing you this morning. It seems just like a providence. Poor old lady! She makes me think of dear old grannie. I'm glad she was dead before she knew that I — Oh, Master Tom, I've been a wicked woman. D'ye mind that picture you gave me in Lerwick, because I fancied it was like grannie? Well, I'd always kept it, though with its face downwards, in my box, because I couldn't a-bear to see it. An' only the other night, Cousin Hannah — her I've been with since I went wrong — got it, and took it out o' the little frame, that she might put in something else, and she tore up the little picture o' the good old wife at the wheel! An' ever since

then it's haunted me! As long as I could keep it at the bottom of the box, out o' sight, it seemed different. But once it was tore up it's never been out o' my sight. An' it's been more like grannie than ever. An' I'd come to ask you, Master Tom, if you thought there was anybody who would let me do a little rough work to earn a bit of honest bread, an' I'd promise to keep out o' their sight."

"In the mean time," said Mr. Sandison, as if he had not heard a word that she had said, though he had entered the room and had stood behind her while she was speaking — "in the mean time perhaps you will kindly give a helping hand in this house of trouble and sickness. At present there is no woman here to wait upon — my mother!"

Kirsty gave a low cry of eager obedience and sprang up stairs. Mr. Sandison threw Tom a glance, which emphasized and illuminated his last words. Then he, too, went slowly up-stairs. But he did not go straight to the attic. Tom heard him unlocking the closed doors, and then he heard him pacing with slow and heavy steps about those long-deserted chambers.

That morning's post brought Tom an elaborate little box containing the wedding cards and wedding cake of Robert Sinclair, Esquire, and Miss Henrietta Brander, and in that morning's paper he saw the announcement of their marriage at a fashionable church.

From *The Contemporary Review*.
GOETHE.

III.

THE highest rank in literature belongs to those who combine the properly poetical with philosophical qualities, and crown both with a certain robust sincerity and common sense. The sovereign poet must be not merely a singer, but also a sage; to passion and music he must add large ideas; he must extend in width as well as in height; but, besides this, he must be no dreamer or fanatic, and must be rooted as firmly in the hard earth as he spreads widely and mounts freely towards the sky. Goethe, as we have described him, satisfies these conditions, and as much can be said of no other men of the modern world but Dante and Shakespeare.

Of this trio each is complete in all the three dimensions. Each feels deeply, each knows and sees clearly, and each has a stout grasp of reality. This complete-

ness is what gives them their universal fame, and makes them interesting in all times and places. Each, however, is less complete in some directions than in others. Dante, though no fanatic, yet is less rational than so great a man should have been. Shakespeare wants academic knowledge. Goethe, too, has his defects, but this is rather the place for dwelling on his peculiar merits. In respect of influence upon the world, he has for the present the advantage of being the latest, and therefore the least obsolete and exhausted, of the three. But he is also essentially much more of a teacher than his two predecessors. Alone among them he has a system, a theory of life, which he has thought and worked out for himself.

From Shakespeare, no doubt, the world may learn, and has learnt, much, yet he professed so little to be a teacher, that he has often been represented as almost without personality, as a mere undisturbed mirror, in which all nature reflects itself. Something like a century passed before it was perceived that his works deserved to be in a serious sense studied. Dante was to his countrymen a great example and source of inspiration, but hardly, perhaps, a great teacher. On the other hand, Goethe was first to his own nation, and has since been to the whole world, what he describes his own Chiron, "the noble pedagogue,"* a teacher and wise counsellor on all the most important subjects. To students in almost every department of literature and art, to unsettled spirits needing advice for the conduct of life, to the age itself in a great transition, he offers his word of weighty counsel, and is an acknowledged authority on a greater number of subjects than any other man. It is the great point of distinction between him and Shakespeare, that he is so seriously didactic. Like Shakespeare myriad-minded, he has nothing of that ironic indifference, that irresponsibility, which has been often attributed to Shakespeare. He is, indeed, strangely indifferent on many points, which other teachers count important; but the lessons which he himself considers important, he teaches over and over again with all the seriousness of one who is a teacher by vocation. And, as I have said, when we look at his teaching as a whole, we find that it has unity, that, taken together, it makes a system, not indeed in the academic sense, but in

the sense that a great principle or view of life is the root from which all the special precepts proceed. This has, indeed, been questioned. Friedrich Schlegel made it a complaint against Goethe, that he had "no centre;" but a centre he has; only the variety of his subjects and styles is so great, and he abandons himself to each in turn so completely, that in his works, as in nature itself, the unity is much less obvious than the multiplicity. Now that we have formed some estimate of the magnitude of his influence, and have also distinguished the stages by which his genius was developed, and his influence in Germany and the world diffused, it remains to examine his genius itself, the peculiar way of thinking, and the fundamental ideas through which he influenced the world.

Never, perhaps, was a more unfortunate formula invented than when, at a moment of reaction against his ascendancy, it occurred to some one to assert that Goethe had talent but not genius. No doubt the talent is there; perhaps no work in literature exhibits a mastery of so many literary styles as "Faust." From the sublime lyric of the prologue, which astonished Shelley, we pass through scenes in which the problems of human character are dealt with, scenes in which the supernatural is brought surprisingly near to real life, scenes of humble life startlingly vivid, grotesque scenes of devilry, scenes of overwhelming pathos; then, in the second part, we find an incomparable revival of the Greek drama, and, at the close, a Dantesque vision of the Christian heaven. Such versatility in a single work is unrivalled; and the versatility of which Goethe's writings, as a whole, gives evidence is much greater still. But to represent him, on this account, as a sort of mocking-bird, or ready imitator, is not merely unjust. Even if we give this representation a flattering turn, and describe him as a being almost superior to humanity, capable of entering fully into all that men think and feel, but holding himself independent of it all, such a being as is described (where, I suppose, Goethe is pointed at) in the Palace of Art, again, I say, it is not merely unjust. Not merely Goethe was not such a being, but we may express it more strongly and say: such a being is precisely what Goethe was not. He had, no doubt, a great power of entering into foreign literatures; he was, no doubt, indifferent to many controversies which in England, when we began to read him, still raged hotly. But these were

* "Der grosse Mann, der edle Pedagog, Der, sich zum Ruhm, ein Heldenvolk erzogen."

characteristic qualities, not of Goethe personally, but of Germany in the age of Goethe. A sort of cosmopolitan characterlessness marked the nation, so that Lessing could say in Goethe's youth that the character of the Germans was to have no character. Goethe could not but share in the infirmity, but his peculiarity was that from the beginning he felt it as an infirmity, and struggled to overcome it. That unbounded tolerance, that readiness to allow everything and appreciate every one, which was so marked in the Germans of that time that it is clearly perceptible in their political history, and contributed to their humiliation by Napoleon, is just what is satirized in the delineation of Wilhelm Meister. Jarno says to Wilhelm, "I am glad to see you out of temper; it would be better still if you could be for once thoroughly angry." This sentiment was often in Goethe's mouth; so far was he from priding himself upon serene universal impartiality. Crabbe Robinson heard him say what an annoyance he felt it to appreciate everything equally and to be able to hate nothing. He flattered himself at that time that he had a real aversion. "I hate," he said, "everything Oriental" ("Eigentlich hasse ich alles Orientalische"). He goes further in the "West-östlicher Divan," where, in enumerating the qualities a poet ought to have, he lays it down as indispensable that he should hate many things ("Dann zuletzt ist unerlässlich dass der Dichter *manches hasse*"). True, no doubt, that he found it difficult to hate. An infinite good nature was born in him, and, besides this, he grew up in a society in which all established opinions had been shaken, so that for a rational man it was really difficult to determine what deserved hatred or love. What is wholly untrue in that view of him, which was so fashionable forty years ago — "I sit apart holding no form of creed, but contemplating all" — is that this tolerance was the intentional result of cold pride or self-sufficiency. He does not seem to me to have been either proud or unsympathetic, and among the many things of which he might boast, certainly he would not have included a want of definite opinions — he, who was never tired of rebuking the Germans for their vagueness, and who admired young Englishmen expressly because they seemed to know their own minds, even when they had little mind to know. Distinctness, character, is what he admires, what through life he struggles for, what he and Schiller alike chide the Germans for

wanting. But he cannot attain it by a short cut. Narrowness is impossible to him, not only because his mind is large, but because the German public in their good-natured tolerance have made themselves familiar with such a vast variety of ideas. He cannot be a John Bull, however much he may admire John Bull, because he does not live in an island. To have distinct views he must make a resolute act of choice, since all ideas have been laid before him, all are familiar to the society in which he lives. This perplexity, this difficulty of choosing what was good out of such a heap of opinions, he often expresses: "The people to be sure are not accustomed to what is best, but then they are so terribly well-read!"* But it is just the struggle he makes for distinctness that is admirable in him. The breadth, the tolerance, he has in common with his German contemporaries; what he has to himself is the resolute determination to arrive at clearness.

Nevertheless, he may seem indifferent even to those whose minds are less contracted than was the English mind half a century ago, for this reason, that his aim, though not less serious than that of others, is not quite the same. He seldom takes a side in the controversies of the time. You do not find him weighing the claims of Protestantism and Catholicism, nor following with eager interest the dispute between orthodoxy and rationalism. Again, when all intellectual Germany is divided between the new philosophy of Kant and the old system, and later, when varieties show themselves in the new philosophy, when Fichte and Schelling succeed to the vogue of Kant, Goethe remains undisturbed by all these changes of opinion. He is almost as little affected by political controversy. The French Revolution irritates him, but not so much because it is opposed to his convictions as because it creates disturbance. Even the War of Liberation cannot rouse him. Was he not then a quietist? Did he not hold himself aloof, whether in a proud feeling of superiority or in mere Epicurean indifference, from all the interests and passions of humanity? If this were the case, or nearly the case, Goethe would have no claim to rank in the first class of literature. He might pass for a prodigy of literary expertness and versatility, but he would attract no lasting interest. Such quietism in a man upon whom the eyes of a whole

* "Zwar sind sie an das Beste nicht gewöhnt, Allein sie haben schrecklich viel gelesen."

nation were bent, could never be compared to the quietism of Shakespeare, who belonged to the unimportant classes, and to whom no one looked for guidance.

But in truth the quietism of Goethe was the effect not of indifference or of selfishness, but of preoccupation. He had prescribed to himself in early life a task, and he declined to be drawn aside from it by the controversies of the time. It was a task worthy of the powers of the greatest man; it appeared to him, when he devoted himself to it, more useful and necessary than the special undertakings of the theologian or philosopher. At the outset he might fairly claim to be the only earnest man in Germany, and might regard the partisans alike of Church and university as triflers in comparison with himself. The French Revolution changed the appearance of things. He could not deny that the political questions opened by that convulsion were of the greatest importance. But he was now forty years old, and the work of his life had begun so early, had been planned with so much care and prosecuted with so much method, that he was less able than many men might have been to make a new beginning at forty. Hence he was merely disturbed by the change which inspired so many others, and to the end of his life continued to look back upon the twenty odd years between the Seven Years' War and the Revolution as a golden time, as in a peculiar sense his own time.* The new events disturbed him in his habits without actually forcing him to form new habits; he found himself able, though with less comfort, to lead the same sort of life as before; and so he passed into the Napoleonic period and arrived in time at the year of liberation, 1813. Then, indeed, his quietism became shocking, and he felt it so himself; but it was now really too late to abandon a road on which he had travelled so long, and which he had honestly selected as the best.

What, then, was this task to which Goethe had so early devoted himself, and which seemed to him too important to be postponed even to the exigencies of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic periods? It was that task about which, since Goethe's time, so much has been said — self-culture. "From my boyhood," says Wilhelm, speaking evidently for Goethe himself,

* "Zwanzig Jahre liess ich gehn
Und genoss was mir beschieden;
Eine Reihe völlig schön
Wie die Zeit der Barmeciden,"
West. Dip.

"it has been my wish and purpose to develop completely all that is in me." Elsewhere he says, "to make my own existence harmonious." Here is the refined form of selfishness of which Goethe has been so often accused. And undoubtedly the phrase is one which will bear a selfish interpretation, just as a Christian may be selfish when he devotes himself to the salvation of his soul. But in the one case, as in the other, it is before all things evident that the task undertaken is very serious, and that the man who undertakes it must be of a very serious disposition. When, as in Goethe's case, it is self-planned and self-imposed, such an undertaking is comparable to those great practical experiments in the conduct of life which were made by the early Greek philosophers. Right or wrong, such an experiment can only be imagined by an original man, and can only be carried into effect by a man of very steadfast will. But we may add that it is no more necessary to give a selfish interpretation to this formula than to the other formulæ by which philosophers have tried to describe the object of a moral life. A harmonious existence does not necessarily mean an existence passed in selfish enjoyment. Nor is the pursuit of it necessarily selfish, since the best way to procure a harmonious existence for others is to find out by an experiment practised on oneself in what a harmonious existence consists, and by what methods it may be attained. For the present, at least, let us content ourselves with remarking that Goethe, who knew his own mind as well as most people, considered himself to carry disinterestedness almost to an extreme. What especially struck him in Spinoza, he says, was the boundless unselfishness that shone out of such sentences as this, "He who loves God must not require that God should love him again." "For," he continues, "to be unselfish in everything, especially in love and friendship, was my highest pleasure, my maxim, my discipline, so that that petulant sentence written later, 'If I love you, what does that matter to you?' came from my very heart."

However this may be, when a man, so richly gifted otherwise, displays the rarest of all manly qualities — viz., the power and persistent will to make his life systematic, and place all his action under the control of a principle freely and freshly conceived, he rises at once into the highest class of men. It is the strenuous energy with which Goethe enters into the battle of

life, and fights there for a victory into which others may enter, that makes him great, that makes him the teacher of these later ages, and not some foppish pretension of being above it all, of seeing through it and despising it. But just because he conceived the problem in his own manner, and not precisely as it is conceived by the recognized authorities on the conduct of life, he could take little interest in the controversies which those authorities held among themselves, and therefore passed for indifferent to the problem itself. He did not admit that the question was to form an opinion as to the conditions of the life after death, though he himself hoped for such a future life, for he wanted rather rightly to understand and to deal with the present life; nor did he want what is called in the schools a philosophy, remarking probably that the most approved professors of philosophy lived after all much in the same way as other people. It seemed to him that he was more earnest than either the theologians or the philosophers, just because he disregarded their disputes and grappled directly with the question which they under various pretexts evaded — how to make existence satisfactory.

He grasps it in the rough, unceremonious manner of one who means business, and also in the manner which Rousseau had made fashionable. We have desires given us by God or nature, convertible terms to him; these desires are meant to receive satisfaction, for the world is not a stupid place, and the Maker of the world is not stupid. This notion that human life is not a stupid affair, and that the fault must be ours if it seems so, that for everything wrong there must be a remedy,* is a sort of fundamental axiom with him, as it is with most moral reformers. Even when he has death before his mind, he still protests. "He is no more!" Ridiculous! Why 'no more'? 'It is all over.' What can be the meaning of that? Then it might as well never have existed. Give me rather an eternal void." And this way of thinking brings him at once, or so he thinks, into direct conflict with the reigning system of morality, which is founded not on the satisfaction, but on the mortification, of desire. He declares war against the doctrine of self-denial or abstinence. "Abstain, abstain! — that is the eternal song that rings in every ear. In the morning I awake in horror, and

am tempted to shed bitter tears at the sight of the day, which in its course will not gratify one wish, not one single wish." So speaks Faust, and Goethe ratifies it in his own person, when he complains that "we are not allowed to develop what we have in us, and are denied what is necessary to supply our deficiencies; robbed of what we have won by labor or has been allowed us by kindness, and find ourselves compelled, before we can form a clear opinion about it, to give up our personality, at first in instalments, but at last completely; also that we are expected to make a more delighted face over the cup the more bitter it tastes, lest the unconcerned spectator should be affronted by anything like a grimace." He adds that this system is grounded on the maxim that "all is vanity," a maxim which characteristically he pronounces false and blasphemous. That "all is *not* vanity" is indeed almost the substance of Goethe's philosophy. "His faith," so he tells the houri who, at the gate of paradise, requires him to prove his orthodoxy, "has always been that the world, whichever way it rolls, is a thing to love, a thing to be thankful for."*

This doctrine, again, is not in itself or necessarily a doctrine of selfishness, though it may easily be represented so. It may be true that all virtue requires self-denial; but for that very reason we may easily conceive a system of senseless and aimless self-denial setting itself up in the place of virtue. It is not every kind of self-denial that Goethe has in view, but the particular kind by which he has found himself hampered. His indignation is not moved when he sees abstinence practised in order to attain some great end; it is the abstinence which leads to nothing and aims at nothing that provokes him. He has given two striking dramatic pictures of it. There is Faust, who cannot tolerate the emptiness of his secluded life; but does it appear that he rebels against it simply because it brings no pleasure to himself, even though it confers benefit upon others and upon the world? The burden of his complaint is that his abstinence does no good to anybody, that the studies for which he foregoes pleasure lead to no real knowledge; and expressly to make this clear, Goethe introduces the story of the plague, which Faust and his father had tried to cure by a drug which did infinitely more harm

* "Sicherlich es muss das Beste
Irgendwo zu finden sein."

* "Dass die Welt, wie sie auch kreise,
Liebevoll und dankbar sei."

than the plague itself. The other picture is that of Brother Martin in "Götz," the young monk who envies Götz his life so full of movement and emotion, while he is himself miserable under the restraint of his vows. Here, again, the complaint is that no good comes of such abstinence. The life of self-denial is conceived as an utter stagnation, unhealthy even from a moral point of view. It is contrasted with a life not of luxury, but of strenuous energy, at once wholesome and useful to the world.

So far, then, Goethe's position is identical with that which Protestants take up against monasticism, when they maintain that powers were given to be used, desires implanted in order that they might be satisfied. He does not, any more than they, assert that when some great end is in view it may not be nobler to mortify the desire than to indulge it. But he applies the principle more consistently, and to a greater number of cases than they had applied it. Not against celibacy or useless self-torture only, but against all omission to satisfy desire, against all sluggishness or apathy in enjoyment — understood always that no special end is to be gained by the self-denial — he protests. In his poem, called the "General Confession" ("Generalbeichte") he calls his followers to repent of the sin of having often let slip an opportunity of enjoyment, and makes them solemnly resolve not to be guilty of such sins in future. Here, at least, the reader may say, selfishness is openly preached; and perhaps this is the interpretation most commonly put upon the poem. Yet it is certainly unjust to pervert in this way an intentional paradox, and, in fact, in that very poem Goethe introduces the most elevated utterance of his philosophy; for the vow which the penitents are required to take is that they will "wean themselves from half-measures and live resolutely in the Whole, in the *Good*, and the Beautiful!" Goethe, in short, holds, as many other philosophers have done, that an elevated morality may be based on the idea of pleasure not less than on the idea of duty.

This principle, not new in itself, led to very new and important results when it was taken up not by a mere reasoner but by a man of the most various gifts and of the greatest energy. By "pleasure" or "satisfaction of desire" is usually meant something obvious, something passive, merely a supply of agreeable sensations to each of the five senses. In Goethe's mouth the word takes quite a

different meaning. He cannot conceive pleasure without energetic action, and the most necessary of all pleasures to him is that of imaginative creation. The desires, again, for which he claims satisfaction — what are they? Chief among them is the desire to enter into the secret of the universe, to recognize "what it is which holds the world together within." Such desires as these might be satisfied, such pleasures enjoyed, without any very culpable self-indulgence. And existence would be satisfactory, or, as he calls it, harmonious, if it offered continually and habitually food for desire so understood, which is almost the same thing as capacity. But there are hindrances. The chief of these is the superstition of self-denial. Of course every practical man knows that self-denial of a certain kind must be constantly practised in life. The small object must be foregone for the sake of the greater, the immediate pleasure for the sake of the remote, nay, the personal pleasure for the sake of the pleasure which is generous and sympathetic. But the timid superstition which sets up self-denial, divorced from all rational ends, as a thing good and right in itself, which makes us afraid of enjoyment as such, this is the chief hindrance, and against this Goethe launches his chief work, "Faust." There is another hindrance, less obvious and needing to be dealt with in another way, which Goethe therefore attacks usually in prose rather than in poetry.

Man, as Goethe conceives him, is essentially active. The happiness he seeks is not passive enjoyment, but an occupation, a pursuit adapted to his inborn capacities. It follows that a principal condition of happiness is a just self-knowledge. He will be happy, who knows what he wants and what he can do. Here again Goethe gives importance to a doctrine which in itself is obvious enough by the persistent energy with which he applies it. He has been himself bewildered by the multiplicity of his own tastes and aptitudes. He has wanted to do everything in turn, and he has found himself capable to a certain extent of doing everything. Hence the question — What is my true vocation? has been to him exceptionally difficult. In studying it he has become aware of the numberless illusions and misconceptions which hide from most men the true nature of their own aptitudes, and therefore the path of their happiness. He finds that the circumstances of childhood, and especially our system of education, which "excites wishes, instead of

awakening tastes," have the effect of creating a multitude of unreal ambitions, deceptive impulses and semblances of aptitudes. He finds that most men have been more or less misled by these illusions, have more or less mistaken their true vocation, and therefore missed their true happiness. On this subject he has collected a vast mass of observations, and, in fact, added a new chapter to practical morality. This is the subject of "Wilhelm Meister," not the most attractive nor the most perfect, but perhaps the most characteristic, of Goethe's works and, as it were, the textbook of the Goethian philosophy. It is said not to be widely popular in Germany. Most English readers lay it down bewildered, wondering what Goethe's admirers can see in it so extraordinary, and astonished at the indifference to what we have agreed to call morality — that is, the part of morality that concerns the relations of the sexes — which reigns throughout it. I shall touch on this latter point later. Meanwhile, let me remark, that few books have had a deeper influence upon modern literature than this famous novel. It is the first important instance of a novel which deals principally and on a large scale with opinions or views of life. How Wilhelm mistook his vocation, and how this mistake led to many others; how a secret society, the Society of the Tower, taught a doctrine on the subject of vocations, and of the method by which men are to be assisted in discovering their true vocations; how Wilhelm is assisted and by what stages he arrives at clearness — this is the subject of a long and elaborate narrative. It is throughout most seriously instructive; it is seldom very amusing; and we may add that the moral of the story is not brought out with very convincing distinctness. But it has been the model upon which the novel of the present day is formed. Written twenty years before the *Waverley Novels*, which are in the opposite extreme, since they make no serious attempt to teach anything and dwell upon everything which Goethe disregards, adventure, surprise, costume, it began to produce its effect among us when the influence of the *Waverley Novel* was exhausted. The idea now prevalent, which gives to the novel a practical as well as an artistic side, the idea which prompts us, when we wish to preach any kind of social or moral reform, to write a novel about it, seems to have made way chiefly through Goethe's authority.

But the substance of "Wilhelm Meis-

ter" is even more important than the form. It presents the whole subject of morality under a new light, and as in this respect it is only the fullest of a number of utterances to the same effect made by Goethe, it can never be fully appreciated when it is considered by itself, but must be judged in the closest connection with his other works and with his life. Every attempt to treat such a subject as morality in an original manner has something alarming about it. Such attempts ought to be laid only before minds strong enough to consider them calmly, and yet of necessity they come to the knowledge of "the weak brethren," who are frightened or unsettled by them. Moreover, such attempts are always likely to be one-sided. As it is usually an intense perception of something overlooked in the orthodox morality that prompts them, the innovator is apt to be hurried into the opposite extreme, and to overlook in his turn what the orthodox morality has taught rightly. Goethe laid himself open to the charge of immorality. "Wilhelm Meister" was received with horror by the religious world; it was, if I remember right, publicly burnt by Count Stolberg. In England, Wordsworth spoke of it with disgust, and it still remains the book which chiefly justifies the profound distrust and aversion with which Goethe has been and is regarded among those who are Christian either in the dogmatic or in the larger sense. Not unnaturally, it must be confessed.

But I do seriously submit that Christians should learn to be less timid than they are. In their absorbing anxiety for "the weaker brethren," they often seem to run the risk of becoming "weak brethren" themselves. We ought not to come to the consideration of moral questions under the influence of panic and nervous fright. It is true that few books seem at first sight more directly opposed than "Wilhelm Meister" to that practical Christianity which we love to think of as beyond controversy, that spirit which, as it breathes from almost all Christian Churches and sects alike, strikes us as undoubtedly the essential part of religion. At first sight the book seems secular, heathenish in an extraordinary degree. Let us, then, if we will, warn young people away from it; but let us ask ourselves at the same time how a man so gifted, so serious, and also so good-natured — for there is no appearance of rancor in the book, which even contains a picture, tenderly and pleasingly drawn, of Christian pietism — could come to take a view so

different from that commonly accepted of questions about which we are all so anxious. Such a course may lead us to see mistakes made by modern Christianity, which may have led Goethe also into mistakes by reaction; whereas the other course, of simply averting our eyes in horror, can lead to no good.

We may distinguish between the positive and the negative part of this moral scheme. All that "Wilhelm Meister" contains on the subject of vocations seems valuable, and the prominence which he gives to the subject is immensely important. In considering how human life should be ordered, Goethe begins with the fact that each man has an occupation, which fills most of his time. It seems to him, therefore, the principal problem to secure that this occupation should be not only worthy, but suited to the capacity of the individual and pursued in a serious spirit. What can be more simple and obvious? And yet, if we reflect, we shall see that moralists have not usually taken this simple view, and that in the accepted morality this whole class of questions is little considered. Duties to this person and to that, to men, to women, to dependents, to the poor, to the State—these are considered; but the greatest of all duties, that of choosing one's occupation rightly, is overlooked. And yet it is the greatest of duties, because on it depend the usefulness and effectiveness of the man's life considered as a whole, and, at the same time, his own peace of mind, or, as Goethe calls it, his inward harmony. Nevertheless, it is so much overlooked that in ordinary views of life all moral interest is, as it were, concentrated upon the hours of leisure. The occupation is treated as a matter of course, a necessary routine about which little can be said. True life is regarded as beginning when work is over. In work men may no doubt be honest or dishonest, energetic or slothful, persevering or desultory, successful or unsuccessful, but that is all; it is only in leisure that they can be interesting, highly moral, amiable, poetical. Such a view of life is, to say the least, unfortunate. It surrenders to deadness and dullness more than half of our existence.

In primitive times, when the main business of life was war, this was otherwise. Then men gave their hearts to the pursuit to which they gave their time. What was most important was also most interesting, and the poet when he sang of war sang of business too. Hence came the inimitable fire and life of Homeric and Shakespear-

ian poetry. But when war gave place to industry, it seemed that this grand unity of human life was gone. Business, the important half of life, became unpoetical, from the higher point of view uninteresting—for how could the imagination dwell on the labors of the office or the factory?—and all higher interest was confined to that part of life in which energy is relaxed. Goethe's peculiar realism at once prompts and enables him to introduce a reform here. He denies that business is uninteresting, and maintains that the fault is in our own narrowness and in our slavery to a poetical tradition. It is the distinction of "Wilhelm Meister" that it is actually a novel about business, not merely a realistic novel venturing to approach the edge of that slough of dullness which is supposed to be at the centre of all our lives, but actually a novel about business as such, an attempt to show that the occupation to which a man gives his life is a matter not only for serious thought, but that it is a matter also for philosophy and poetry. That such a novel must at first sight appear tame and dull is obvious; it undertakes to create the taste by which it can be enjoyed, and will be condemned at once by all who are not disposed to give it a serious trial. But the question it raises is the fundamental question of modern life. Comprehensive and practical at once, Goethe's mind has found out that root of bitterness which is at the bottom of all the uneasy social agitations of the nineteenth century. We live in the industrial ages, and he has asked the question whether industry must of necessity be a form of slavery, or whether it can be glorified and made into a source of moral health and happiness.

It is commonly said that "Wilhelm Meister" seems to make art the one object of life; but this is not Goethe's intention. He was himself an artist, and, as the work is in a great degree autobiographical, art naturally comes into the foreground, and the book becomes especially interesting to artists, but the real subject of it is vocations in general. In the later books, indeed, art drops into the background, and we have a view of feminine vocations. The "Beautiful Soul" represents the pietistic view of life; then Therese appears in contrast, representing the economic or utilitarian view; finally, Natalie hits the golden mean, being practical like Therese but less utilitarian, and, ideal like her aunt, the pietist, but less introspective. On the whole, then, the lesson of the book is that we should give

unity to our lives by devoting them with hearty enthusiasm to some pursuit, and that the pursuit is assigned to us by nature through the capacities she has given us. It is thus that Goethe substitutes for the idea of pleasure that of the satisfaction of special inborn aptitudes different in each individual. His system treats every man as a genius, for it regards every man as having his own unique individuality, for which it claims the same sort of tender consideration that is conceded to genius. But in laying down such rules Goethe thinks first of himself. He has spent long years in trying to make out his own vocation. He has had an opportunity of living almost every kind of life in turn. It was not till he returned from Italy that he felt himself to have arrived at clearness. What was Goethe's vocation? Or, since happiness consists in faithful obedience to a natural vocation, what was Goethe's happiness? His happiness is a kind of religion, a perpetual rapt contemplation, a beatific vision. The object of this contemplation is nature, the laws or order of the universe to which we belong. Of such contemplation he recognizes two kinds, one of which he calls art and the other science. He was in the habit of thinking that in art and science taken together he possessed an equivalent for what other men call their religion. Thus, in 1817, on the occasion of the tercentenary of the Reformation, he writes a poem in which he expresses his devout resolution of showing his Protestantism, as ever, by art and science.* It was because his view of art was so realistic, that he was able thus to regard art as a sort of twin sister of science. But the principle involved in this twofold contemplation of nature is the very principle of religion itself, and in one sense it is true that no man was ever more deliberately and consciously religious than Goethe. No man asserted more emphatically that the energy of action ought to be accompanied by the energy of feeling. It is the consistent principle of his life that the whole man ought to act together, and he pushes it so far that he seems to forbid all division of labor in science. This is the position taken up in "Faust," which perhaps is seldom rightly understood. Science, according to "Faust," must not be dry analysis pursued at a desk in a close room; it must be direct, wondering contemplation of nature. The secrets of the

world must disclose themselves to a loving gaze, not to dry thinking (*trocknes Sinnen*), man must converse with nature "as one spirit with another," "look into her breast as into the bosom of a friend." How we should *not* study is conveyed to us by the picture of Wagner, who is treated with so much contempt. He is simply the ordinary man of science, perhaps we may think the modest, practical investigator, of the class to which the advance of science is mainly due. But Goethe has no mercy on him—why? Because his nature is divided, because his feelings do not keep pace with his thoughts, because his attention is concentrated upon single points. Such a man is to Goethe "the dry creeper," "the most pitiable of all the sons of earth."

Thus it is, then, that art and science taken together, the living, loving, worshipping contemplation of nature, out of which comes the knowledge of nature, are to Goethe religion. But is not such a religion wholly different from religion as commonly understood, wholly different from Christianity?

It was, indeed, very different from such Christianity as he found professed around him. In his youth Goethe was acquainted with several eminently religious persons, Fräulein von Klettenberg, the Frankfurt friend of his family, Jung Stilling, and Lavater. He listened to these not only with his unflinching good humor, but at times with more conviction than "Dichtung und Wahrheit" would lead us to suppose. In some of his early letters he himself adopts pietistic language. But as his own peculiar ideas developed themselves, they separated him more and more from the religious world of his time. At the time of his Italian journey, and for some years afterwards, we find him speaking of Christianity not merely with indifference, but with a good deal of bitterness. This hostility took rather a peculiar form. As the whole disposition of his mind leads him towards religion, as he can no more help being religious than he can help being a poet, he does not reject religion but changes his religion. He becomes, or tries to become, a heathen in the positive sense of the world; for the description of Goethe as the great heathen is not a mere epithet thrown at him by his adversaries. He provoked and almost claimed it in his sketch of Winckelmann, where, after enthusiastic praise of the ancients and of Winckelmann as an interpreter of the ancient world, he inserted a chapter entitled "Heidnisches," which

* "Will ich in Kunst und Wissenschaft,
Wie immer, protestiren."

begins thus: "This picture of the antique spirit, absorbed in this world and its good things, leads us directly to the reflection that such excellences are only compatible with a heathenish way of thinking. The self-confidence, the attention to the present, the pure worship of the gods as ancestors, the admiration of them, as it were, only as works of art, the submission to an irresistible fate, the future hope also confined to this world, since it rests on the preciousness of posthumous fame; all this belongs so necessarily together, makes such an indivisible whole, creates a condition of human life intended by nature herself, that we become conscious, alike at the height of enjoyment, and in the depth of sacrifice and even of ruin, of an indestructible health." Clearly when he wrote this (about 1804) Goethe wished and intended to pass for a heathen. And, indeed, the antique attracts him scarcely at all from the historical side—he is no republican, no lover of liberty—but almost exclusively because it offers a religion which is to him the religion of health and joy.

Is it, then, true that Christianity is a system of morbid and melancholy introspectiveness, sacrificing all the freshness and glory of the present life to an awful future? He makes this assumption, and had almost a right to make it, since the Christianity of his time had almost exclusively this character. He was, however, himself half aware that there was all the difference in the world between the Christianity of his time and original Christianity or Christianity as it might be. And even at the time of his greatest bitterness he drops expressions which show that he does not altogether relinquish his interest in Christianity, but keeps open for himself the alternative of appearing as a reformer rather than an assailant of it. In the third period and the old age his tone is a good deal more conciliating than in the passage above quoted. In the autobiography he appears, on the whole, as a Christian, and even makes faint attempts here and there to write in a style that Christians may find edifying. He tells us expressly that he had little sympathy with the Encyclopædists, and, in a passage of the "West-östlicher Divan," he declares with real warmth that he "has taken into his heart the glorious image of our sacred books, and, as the Lord's image was impressed on St. Veronica's cloth, he refreshes himself in the stillness of the breast in spite of all negation and hindrance with the inspiring

vision of faith." Again, when in the "Wanderjahre" he grapples constructively, but somewhat too late, with the problems of the nineteenth century, we find him assuming a reformed Christianity* as the religion of the future.

May we then regard Goethe as one who in reality only opposed the corruptions of Christianity even when he seemed to oppose Christianity itself? Certainly *otherworldliness* does not now appear, at least in England, as a necessary part of Christianity. Surely that contrast between the healthy spirit of antiquity and the morbidness of Christianity, which was like a fixed idea in the mind of Goethe's generation, need not trouble us now. Those sweeping generalizations belonged to the infancy of the historical sciences. Mediævalism does not now seem identical with Christianity. The sombre aspect of our religion is clearing away. Christian self-denial now appears not as the aimless, fruitless mortification of desire which Goethe detested, but as the heroic strenuousness which he practised. The world which Christians renounce now appears to be, not the universe nor the present life, but only conventionalism and tyrannous fashion. With such a religion, Goethe's philosophy is sufficiently in harmony. According to these definitions the spirit even of "Wilhelm Meister" is not secular. Even his avowal of heathenism comes to wear a different aspect when we find him writing thus of the religion of the Old Testament: "Among all heathen religions, for to this class belongs that of Israel as much as any, this one has great points of superiority," etc. (he mentions particularly its "excellent collection of sacred books"). So that, after all, Goethe may only have been a heathen as the prophet Isaiah was a heathen!

Thus hindrance after hindrance to our regarding Goethe as a great prophet of the higher life and of the true religion disappears. There remains one which is not so easily removed. What surprises the English reader in "Wilhelm Meister" is not merely the prominence given to art, or the serious devotion to things present and to the present life, but also the extraordinary levity with which it treats the relations of men and women. The book might, in fact, be called thoroughly immoral, if the use of that word which is common among us were justifiable. More correctly speaking, it is immoral through-

* "An diese Religion halten wir fest, aber auf eine eigene Weise."

out on one point; immoral in Goethe's peculiar, inimitable, good-natured manner. The levity is the more startling in a book otherwise so remarkably grave. Every subject but one is discussed with seriousness; in parts the solemnity of the writer's wisdom becomes quite oppressive; but on the relations of men and women he speaks in a thoroughly worldly tone. Just where most moralists grow serious, he becomes wholly libertine, indifferent, and secular. There is nothing in this novel of the homely domestic morality of the Teutonic races; a French tone pervades it, and this tone is more or less perceptible in the other writings of Goethe, especially those of the second period, with the exception of "Hermann und Dorothea." On this subject, the great and wise thinker descends to a lower level; he seems incapable of regarding it with seriousness; or if he does treat it seriously, as in the "Elective Affinities," he startles us still more by a certain crude audacity.

It seems possible to trace how Goethe fell into this extraordinary moral heresy. Starting from the idea of the satisfaction of desire, and with a strong prejudice against all systems of self-denial, he perceived, further, that chastity is the favorite virtue of mediævalism, that it is peculiarly Catholic and monastic. Then, as his mind turned more and more to the antique, he found himself in a world of primitive morals, where the woman is half a slave. He found that in the ancient world friendship is more and love less than in the modern — to this point, too, Winckelmann had called his attention — and, since he had adopted it as a principle that the ancients were healthy-minded and that the moderns are morbid, he jumped to the conclusion that the sentimental view of love is but a modern illusion. He accustomed his imagination to the lower kind of love which we meet with in classical poetry, the love of Achilles for Briseis, of Ajax for Tecmessa. In his early pamphlet against Wieland ("Götter, Helden, und Wieland," 1773), we find him already upon this train of reasoning, and his conclusions are announced with the most unceremonious plainness. How seriously they were adopted may be seen from the "Roman Elegies," written fifteen years later. Among the many reactions which the eighteenth century witnessed against the spirit of Christianity, scarcely any is so startling and remarkable as that which comes to light in these poems. Here the woman has sunk again to her ancient level, and we find ourselves once more among

the *hetæra* of old Greek cities. After reading these wonderful poems, if we go through the list of Goethe's female characters we shall note how many among them belong to the class of *hetæra* — Clärchen, Marianne, Philine, Gretchen, the Bayadere. And if we turn to his life, we find the man, who shrank more than once from a worthy marriage, taking a Tecmessa to his tent. The woman who became at last his wife was spoken of by him, in a letter to the Frau von Stein, as "that poor creature." She is the very beauty celebrated in the "Roman Elegies."

This strange moral theory could not but have strange consequences. Love, as Goethe knows it, is very tender, and has a lyric note as fresh as that of a song-bird; but it passes away like the songs of spring. In his Autobiography, one love-passage succeeds another, each is charmingly described, but each comes speedily to an end. How far in each case he was to blame is matter of controversy. But he seems to betray a way of thinking about women such as might be natural to an Oriental sultan. "I was in that agreeable phase," he writes, "when a new passion had begun to spring up in me before the old one had quite disappeared." About Friederika he blames himself without reserve, and uses strong expressions of contrition; but he forgets the matter strangely soon. In his distress of mind he says he found riding, and especially skating, bring much relief. This reminds us of the famous letter to the Frau von Stein about coffee. He is always ready in a moment to shake off the deepest impressions and to receive new ones; and he never looks back. A curious insensibility, which seems imitated from the apparent insensibility of nature herself, shows itself in his works by the side of the deepest pathos. Faust never once mentions Gretchen again, after that terrible prison scene; her remembrance does not seem to trouble him; she seems entirely forgotten, until, just at the end, among the penitents who surround the Mater Gloriosa, there appears one who has borne the name of Gretchen. In like manner — this shocked Schiller — when Mignon dies she seems instantly forgotten, and the business of the novel scarcely pauses for a moment.

We are also to remember that Goethe was a man of the old *régime*. If he who had such an instinctive comprehension of feminine character, at the same time treats women in this Oriental fashion, we are to remember that he lived in a country of

despotic courts, and also that he was entirely outside the movement of reform. Had he entered into the reforming movement of his age, he might have striven to elevate women, as he might have heralded and welcomed some of the ideas of 1789, and the nationality movements of 1808 and 1813. He certainly felt at times that all was not right in the status of women ("Der Frauen Schicksal ist beklagenswerth"), and how narrowly confined was their happiness ("Wie enggebunden ist des Weibes Glück"), as he certainly felt how miserable were the political conditions of Germany. Nevertheless he did not take the path either of social or of political reform. He worked in another region, a deeper region. He was a reformer on the great scale in literature, art, education, that is, in culture, but he was not a reformer of institutions. And as he did not look forward to a change in institutions, his views and his very morality rested on the assumption of a state of society in many respects miserably bad.

But the effect of this aberration upon Goethe's character as a teacher and upon his influence has been most disastrous. And inevitably, for as it has been the practice in the Christian world to lay all the stress of morality upon that very virtue which Goethe almost entirely repudiates, he appears not only to be no moralist, but an enemy of morality. And as he once brought a devil upon the stage, we identify him with his own Mephistopheles, though, in fact, the tone of cold irony is not by any means congenial to him. He has the reputation of a being awfully wise, who has experienced all feelings good and bad, but has survived them, and from whose writings there rises a cold, unwholesome exhalation, the odor of moral decay. It is thought that he offers culture, art, manifold intellectual enjoyment, but at the price of virtue, faith, patriotism.

If I have taken a just view, the good and bad characteristics of his writings stand in a different relation. It is not morality itself that he regards with indifference, but one important section of morality. And he is an indifferentist here, partly because he is a man formed in the last years of the old *régime*, partly because he is borne too far on the tide of reaction against Catholic and monastic ideas. Nevertheless, he remains a moralist; and in his positive teaching he is one of the greatest moral teachers the world has ever seen. In his life he displayed some of the greatest and most pre-

cious virtues, a nobly conscientious use of great powers, a firm disregard of popularity, an admirable capacity for the highest kind of friendship. His view of life and literature is, in general, not ironical and not enervating, but sincere, manly, and hopeful. And his view of morality and religion, if we consider it calmly and not in that spirit of agonized timidity which reigns in the religious world, will perhaps appear to be not now very dangerous where it is wrong, and full of fresh instruction where it is right. The drift of the nineteenth century, the progress of those reforms in which Goethe took so little interest, have tended uniformly to the elevation of woman, so that it seems now scarcely credible that at the end of the last century great thinkers can seriously have preferred to contemplate her in the half-servile condition in which classical poetry exhibits her. On this point at least the world is not likely to become pagan again. On the other hand Carlyle himself scarcely exaggerated the greatness of Goethe as a prophet of new truth alike in morals and in religion. Just at the moment when the supernaturalist theory, standing alone, seemed to have exhausted its influence, and to be involving religion in its own decline, Goethe stood forth as a rapt adorer of the God in nature.* Naturalism in his hands appeared to be no dull system of platitudes, no empty, delusive survival of an exploded belief, but a system as definite and important as science, as rich and glorious as art. Morality in his hands appeared no longer morbid, unnaturally solemn, unwholesomely pathetic, but robust, cheerful, healthy, a twin sister of happiness. In his hands also morality and religion appeared inseparably united, different aspects of that free energy, which in him was genius, and in every one who is capable of it resembles genius. Lastly, his bearing towards Christianity, when he had receded from the exaggerations of his second period, was better, so long as it seemed hopeless to purge Christianity of its *other-worldliness*, than that of the zealots on either side. He entered into no clerical or anti-clerical controversies; but, while he spoke his mind with great frankness, did not forget to distinguish between clericalism and true Christianity, cherished no insane ambition of destroying the Church or founding a new religion,† and counselled us in

* "Was kann der Mensch im Leben mehr gewinnen, Als dass ihm Gott-Natur sich offenbare?"

† "Von der Société St. Simonien bitte Dich fern zu halten;" so he writes to Carlyle.

founding our future society to make Christianity a principal element in its religion, and not to neglect the "excellent collection of sacred books" left us by the Hebrews.

J. R. SEELEY.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

BORROUGHDALÉ OF BORROUGHDALÉ.

"For every man hath a talent if he do but find it."
JOHN LOCKE.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN Lord Borroughdale of Borroughdale in the peerage of Great Britain first went to Christ Church he speedily acquired the reputation of being about the dullest and the most ill-informed young man in the entire university.

Lord Borroughdale belonged to that fortunate class who are sometimes rather vulgarly described as being "their own fathers," a circumstance all the more odd in this case, seeing that this young man's father was still alive and flourishing. His mother, Lady Borroughdale, however, who had been a very great heiress and the last of a long line of north-country magnates, was dead, and her son had succeeded to all her possessions.

Although the Borroughdales had always been great people, not one of them had ever been in the very least distinguished for beauty, wit, accomplishments, or graces of any sort or kind. They had lived amongst grace, wit, beauty, all their lives, yet none of those desirable qualities had ever, somehow, adhered to any one of them. Helena, Marchioness of Borroughdale in her own right, had been by no means an exception to this rule. When, at the age of twenty-four, she came into all her immense possession, she was a round faced, rather dumpy young lady, looking a great deal older than she really was, with an unfortunately muddy complexion, a pair of nice, mild grey eyes, and two comically fat little hands, which wagged about when she spoke, and at other times stuck straight from her person, more like objects unskillfully modelled in very pink wax than ordinary pieces of flesh and blood.

Of course so great a matrimonial prize would have been in no lack of suitors had her hands or her complexion been even ten times as unsatisfactory as they were; indeed, had she been of an irresolute turn of mind she might have been fairly puzzled by the number, variety, and persistency of these aspirants. Fortunately,

whatever number of other talents they may have missed, the Borroughdales have always had that superlative one of very distinctly knowing their own minds. Long before she attained her majority, therefore, Lady Borroughdale had clearly settled whom she meant to marry; nor was it very long before she proceeded to carry that determination into effect.

The fortunate individual upon whom that choice fell was a remote cousin of her own upon the mother's side — well born, poor, clever, ambitious. Mr. Cosby Vansittart had already aspired to sit in Parliament, although his hopes in that direction had up to that time never been crowned with success. After his marriage — an event which took place the same year that Lady Borroughdale attained full control over her own property — he quickly, however, accomplished this end, and from that time forward always had a seat in Parliament, and even several times held office, though never any quite equal to what his own abilities and the large amount of territorial influence he was able to wield entitled him, he felt, to expect.

Poor Lady Borroughdale only survived this marriage about three years, so that, in addition to the regular income, her successor had the advantage of a long minority, which was assiduously watched over and nursed by his father. Mr. Vansittart could not but feel severely mortified at times by the clownish figure cut by his only son. Without undue vanity he might have been pardoned if he expected the wit and graces of the Vansittarts might in some degree overpower or modify the surly strength of the Borroughdales. This, however, was not the case. In character, appearance, and intelligence, or lack of that quality, Lord Borroughdale exactly reproduced his maternal ancestors; indeed there were not wanting people ready to declare that he was stupider and clumsier than all the rest of them put together.

He was a big, shaggy, thick-set young man, not as tall as he ought, no doubt, to have been for the breadth of his shoulders, with a pair of honest, clear grey eyes, a large mouth, a clumsy nose, strong chin, and a forehead that would have seemed better but for the hair which hung over it in a dense brown thatch. His hands, too, were excessively large and red, a circumstance which would have mattered little, no doubt, but that he seemed incapable of forgetting it himself for an instant, the violent contortions which he made to con-

ceal those unlucky members having naturally the effect of attracting all eyes and attention to them.

Oddly enough, the companion whom this uncouth young nobleman selected out of the entire university to be his special friend and crony was in all respects the very antipodes to himself. Granville Farquart, at twenty-three, might almost have posed as a model for the young Antinous. His hair, his nose, his figure, his hands and his feet, all alike were perfection, or as near perfection as it is given to mere mortal man to hope to attain. He was not one of those Adonises, however, who rest contentedly upon their merely physical advantages; on the contrary, his mental qualifications were, in many respects, even more exceptional still. He had come up to the university with a considerable reputation for scholarship, which, however, he had not, it must be said, as yet set himself strenuously to maintain. The career and prestige of a college don, he sometimes owned to his intimates, was not one which he himself at all seriously ambitioned.

When he looked forward at life it often, indeed, seemed to Farquart that to excel in many directions was almost as bad as to excel in none. A strong musical capacity, for instance? Of what use, save amusement, was that to a man who would never dream, of course, of taking up anything of the sort as a vocation? Painting, it is true, was more feasible; but even there there were drawbacks, and he was not at all clear that even its undoubted prizes and immunities quite made up for them. At present, at any rate, he was merely keeping his hand in in this direction by sketches and studies which might or might not come in handily hereafter. Literature? Well yes; there, he owned, he did more seriously incline; indeed at that very moment he was the main support of more than one of those ephemeral periodicals which burst into brief life at Oxford, and then disappear to make way for other and equally evanescent growths. Over and above all these various acquirements and accomplishments, Farquart's greatest talent still, however, remains unmentioned. This was his extraordinary gift for sociability, by which I do not merely mean that he was a brilliant or an ornamental member of society, but that wherever he was, there, as if by magic, society began to exist. It had been said of him by an admirer that he could make a companion out of a garden rake, and certainly no amount of stupidity, no

amount even of taciturnity upon the part of others, seemed to produce any perceptible effect in paralyzing or even diminishing this delightful gift.

It was this quality of his that so greatly endeared him to young Borroughdale. Unlike most dullards, that poor youth was perfectly, even painfully, conscious of his own thick-wittedness. It weighed upon him to the full as much, indeed, as it could possibly weigh upon those who bore him company; lying a dead weight upon his mind and spirits, even when he was absolutely alone.

It was only in Farquart's company that the hereditary load seemed lifted for a minute. Not that even then he aspired to be a sharer of such good things as were afoot. The mere consciousness of being upon a footing of intimacy with such a prodigy of wit, of accomplishments, of social dexterity, was enough. It raised him immensely in his own estimation. He could sit and listen to Farquart's music, watch him painting, hear him discourse by the hour; his own sluggish temperament seeming thereby to be lifted into a more comfortable and less opaque atmosphere than that which it was its misfortune usually to inhabit.

Of course there were plenty of people ready to aver that Farquart toadied young Borroughdale, and made up to him for his great possessions. No accusation, however, could be further from the mark. If either of the two men toadied the other it was Borroughdale that toadied Farquart, not Farquart Borroughdale. Not only did the poor fellow seek out his friend upon every possible occasion, but he was never tired of bragging about his intimacy with him to others. He swaggered about Farquart—the artist, the musician, the man of letters—to every comer. To such a degree indeed was this the case that it was seriously computed by some one who once spent a week in the house with him, that out of eleven occasions upon which the Marquis of Borroughdale had been known to open his mouth, no less than ten of them had been in order to make some observation about Granville Farquart.

On the other hand the latter was apt to adopt a rather apologetic tone in speaking of his friend, and of the intimacy that had sprung up between them. "Poor old Borroughdale! Well, yes, he is a bit of a lout certainly, but then *such* a good-hearted creature," he would say to those who insinuated that it was hardly that young man's personal qualities which had

procured him the privilege of his friendship.

This friendship of theirs had lasted for over two years, before Farquart had had occasion to pay Borroughdale a visit in his own maternal castle of Borroughdale, in the north of Fellshire. It was not for want of asking, but somehow other things had always hitherto come in the way; indeed Lord Borroughdale himself spent quite as little time in those ancestral dominions of his as could with any decency be achieved, the amenities and civilities of life which it was so necessary to exercise there being but little, it must be owned, to his taste. To Farquart, on the other hand, when at last the long-talked-of visit did come off, the whole thing was a new experience, and he made a point of enjoying it to the uttermost. He even began to look at Borroughdale himself with new eyes, surveying him against this large and picturesque, if somewhat antiquated background, the merits of which he now, for the first time, he felt, appreciated. Of money by itself he thought lightly, but some, if not the greater part of these things, are not so very easily procurable by money alone, even in these enlightened days. When, therefore, he had heard the wheels of their carriage rattle across the drawbridge which still united the castle to the outward world; when he had been ushered by his friend into a stone entrance hall as large as a moderate-sized cathedral, and through it into a blue satin room with Gainsboroughs, a red one with tapestry, along a passage beset with sulky-looking ancestors in panels, and had finally found himself lodged in a turreted bedroom, with windows commanding a green league or so of deer park, dark under rippling bracken, and stately with immemorial oaks, elms, and chestnuts—seeing and appreciating all these things as he so thoroughly could, Farquart, as he unpacked his portmanteau, owned to himself with a philosophic shrug of the shoulders that the last word upon primogeniture had hardly—in England at any rate—as yet been uttered.

Mr. Cosby Vansittart was not at Borroughdale Castle when the two friends first arrived, but he made a point of appearing there a few days later, and assisting his son to do the honors of his house. The situation, as may be conceived, had its awkward side, but Mr. Vansittart was eminently well fitted, fortunately, to meet and brush aside any such slight awkwardnesses as fast as they appeared. He was

a small, dark, rather foreign-looking man, particularly, even strikingly well-dressed, with an air of distinction partly natural, partly acquired, which was also rather that of a well-bred foreigner than of an Englishman. He and Farquart had never, as it happened, met before, but they at once took to one another, the elder man losing no time indeed in expatiating upon his satisfaction at the eminently sound judgment displayed by his son in the matter of friendship.

There was to be a regular influx of guests, the latter learned, in a few days' time, over whose coming Borroughdale groaned pitifully, but which his father assured him was absolutely essential if the ancient character of the house for hospitality was to be in any degree maintained.

One of these expected guests was the Dowager Lady Southend, well known by name, at all events, to all admirers of beauty, particularly those whose own climacteric lies some twenty or perhaps twenty-five years nearer to the beginning of the century. Lady Southend was to be accompanied by her daughter, Lady Venetia Foljambe, a young lady whom Farquart felt some little curiosity to see, rumors of an intended alliance between her and his friend having somehow floated to his ears. Indeed he had not been many days at the castle before Mr. Vansittart found an opportunity of speaking to him, not, it is true, directly upon the subject, but upon what appeared to bear not remotely upon it, choosing for that purpose a moment when they happened to be alone in the smoking-room, and prefacing his remarks by a few general observations upon his own son's character and disposition.

"He is as good, as the French say, as good bread, that I need hardly tell *you*, and has never given me a moment's serious anxiety in his life," he concluded emphatically. "At the same time, I don't mind telling you in private, my dear Farquart, that it would be a comfort, a great comfort, I may say, for me to see him safely settled," he added in a tone of confidence.

"Do you mean married?" Farquart said inquiringly.

"Yes, married. Many men—most men, I suppose, in my position—would prefer to keep their son from forming new ties, and therefore more in their own hands, but that is not at all my feeling. I have studied Borroughdale's character carefully, and I am convinced, perfectly convinced, that he is made for domesticity."

Mr. Vansittart shook some of the ashes of his cigar into a small gilt dish at his elbow, and glanced quickly and half-inquiringly at his son's guest.

"Isn't he rather young to begin at that sort of thing already?" Farquart said doubtfully, puzzled, to tell the truth, as to what line he was to take up in the discussion.

"Young? Of course, yes, he is young, but what then? What else is he to do? Just think over the situation for yourself. You can't well put a man of Borroughdale's position into a profession, can you? And if you could it would only be into the army; and supposing he were to pass his examination, which I own I imagine myself to be more than doubtful, there is nothing well open for him but the Life Guards, and I don't think, between ourselves, that Borroughdale is exactly the cut of a Life Guardsman."

Farquart didn't think so either, so nodded his head silently in token of acquiescence.

"On the other hand," continued Mr. Vansittart; "he can't very well go on living here all alone. I have my own little property in Lincolnshire to look after, not to speak of my office, which naturally at present takes up the greater part of my time. Of course if he could always have a man like yourself, my dear Farquart, at his elbow, the thing would be simplified, but I know, we all know, how impossible it is to expect *that*, and I own I have a dread, a perfect nervous horror of his falling into the wrong hands."

"I shouldn't say there was much danger of anything of that sort," Farquart replied thoughtfully. "Borroughdale mayn't be what you call clever, but he is about the least of a fool of any man I ever met."

"Quite so—quite so; I readily admit all that; still you, who know him so well, don't need to be told how oddly immovable he is in his own quiet way, and if he were once to take the bit into his teeth, no power of mine would have the smallest effect. Indeed, of power, real, practical power, I have, as you are doubtless aware, absolutely not a single fraction. The fact is," Mr. Vansittart continued, a minute later, with a smile, "our whole relative position is such a particularly odd one, that it obliges me to look at the matter rather from the mother's point of view than the father's, and I am sure you will admit that any prudent mother under the circumstances would pine to see Borroughdale safely married?"

"I suppose so," Farquart answered,

smiling too, but wondering rather, at the same time, in the depths of his soul, why all this confidence had been bestowed upon him, and whether there was or was not any part he was expected to play in the matter. "Everything depends, I suppose, upon whom he *does* marry?" he said tentatively.

Mr. Vansittart opened his lips as if to reply, but closed them again before any sound had been emitted, and almost at the same instant Borroughdale entered the room, and the conversation was necessarily suspended.

A few days afterwards Lady Venetia Foljambe and her mother duly arrived. The latter was unquestionably a magnificent-looking woman still, and had evidently once been a superbly beautiful one. Lady Venetia, on the other hand, was not in the least magnificent nor yet particularly beautiful either. She was simply a bright, healthy-looking blonde, with a preternaturally small waist, and a laugh which rang like a bugle-call through every vault and turret of the castle. Farquart himself was charmed with her, and thought her delightful; Borroughdale, on the contrary, took no pains to conceal the very small amount of pleasure which this renewal of the acquaintance gave him, indeed his own moody and resolute taciturnity never seemed to come into stronger relief than when brought into forcible contrast with the airy volubility and sylph-like grace of this young lady. Although there were a good many other ladies staying at the castle, Lady Venetia, as it happened, was the only unmarried one, consequently his avoidance of her society became after a while sufficiently marked for Farquart laughingly to take him to task for it, averring that he was really not worthy of the privilege of playing host to such a delightfully agreeable and amusing being.

"She is the silliest girl I ever met in my life!" was all the response he elicited from Lord Borroughdale.

"Silly, my dear fellow? Excuse me, she is nothing of the sort. What would you have her do? Would you like her any better if she were to discourse upon Greek roots or Latin iambs at the breakfast table? If there is one thing more detestable than another it is a woman who loves displaying her learning, or rather, in nine cases out of ten, her ignorance, and obliging one to prevaricate like a Jesuit in order to conceal one's own consciousness of the fact."

"That may be all very fine for you, Farquart, who are clever enough yourself

for six, but I like a woman who talks sense. Nothing makes me feel such a born idiot as a girl who insists upon giggling and jabbering away, and throwing her hands and eyes about as if she thought she was upon the stage, and — er — wanted to try and persuade me that I was upon it too."

"Well, and so we all are upon the stage, if it comes to that," Farquart said with a laugh.

"I'm not then, and I'm not going to pretend that I am either," the owner of Borrowghdale responded sturdily. "Why the deuce *can't* they leave a fellow alone," he added with a growl of annoyance, which was not, Farquart suspected, exclusively directed against Lady Venetia.

In short, the visit of that young lady and her mother was hardly, from a practical point of view at least, to be called a success, and perhaps in consequence of that fact, they soon afterwards withdrew to scenes where their varied but combined attractions were more likely to produce their wonted effect. Mr. Vansittart was far too astute a man to allow his discomfort — if he felt any — to appear upon the surface. Circumstances, however, obliged him also not very long afterwards to depart, and his doing so was the signal for the dispersal of the rest of the guests, so that our two young men again found themselves left *tête-à-tête* to pursue their own devices.

They remained where they were for about another fortnight, when Farquart started for Scotland to pay some visits, promising to return to Borrowghdale Castle on his way south. This, however, he failed to do, his visits northwards prolonging themselves considerably beyond their original limits, and by the time he was again passing through Fellshire Lord Borrowghdale had gone elsewhere, so that they did not meet again until they found themselves once more together at Oxford.

This was to be Farquart's last term there, he having come to the university a full year before his friend. Borrowghdale, however, speedily announced his own intention of leaving at the same time. As for his degree, he knew that there wasn't the remotest chance, he declared, of his taking it, and he was sick to death of the whole concern, both the place and the people. Farquart, as in friendship he felt bound, urged the unadvisability of so speedily, not to say ignominiously, cutting short his scholastic career; but Borrowghdale as usual was immovable, and not many weeks after the close of the term

the two friends found themselves settled within moderately easy reach of one another in London.

Farquart — who had a talent for house decoration as for most other things — was not long ensconcing himself in a delightfully irregular set of rooms not far from the river, let at a moderate rental and eminently available for artistic purposes. He did not call his principal sitting-room there a studio, but it was one to all practical intents, and few studios were more assiduously supplied with every imaginable appliance, sentimental no less than essential, for the production of works of art. Under these favoring conditions he at once embarked upon several pictures, for one of which, a considerable historical canvas, he requested Borrowghdale to sit to him in the character of a wounded Goth. Of these achievements, however, he himself spoke lightly, declaring that he was far from having made up his mind to embark definitely and irrevocably upon the field of art, inclining rather to look upon it as an occasional *divertissement*, and letters as the real prop and stay of his future steps. Meanwhile he did, he owned, intend sending in his present efforts to the next opening of the Academy, which done, he should then, as elsewhere, placidly await the decisive and all-compelling finger-touch of destiny.

Though far from a rich man, he possessed a comfortable bachelor's income of his own — some six or seven hundred a year — which made this confiding trust in the cruel or kindly hazards of inspiration a less adventurous one than it otherwise might have been. Besides, was he not still rich, be it remembered, in all the first fresh glow of unimpaired self-belief, which so far had never known the chilling touch of failure?

Lord Borrowghdale spent quite as much time in his friend's studio as he had previously spent in his rooms at Oxford. He was not a whit more conversational either than before, and hardly a whit less consciously and curiously uncouth, so that, except for such imaginary halo as his name and the rumored vastness of his possessions might be supposed to confer, he could scarcely in fairness be said to form any part of its more ornamental or picturesque adjuncts. Mr. Vansittart also paid it several visits, and whenever he found Farquart alone he invariably brought the conversation round to his son, urging the former to use his very utmost influence to induce him to take up his proper place in society, and refrain

from so cruelly and so wantonly abusing those gifts a too-kind Providence had heedlessly confided to him. His own influence, he admitted with a sigh, went for little or nothing, but surely the opinion of a man of Borroughdale's own age, so brilliant, popular, clear-sighted, must, he politely urged, have *some* little weight with that strangely abnormal and misguided being. Farquart promised to do his best, and as a matter of fact did it. Over and over again he tried to induce Borroughdale to accompany him to some ball or other scene of festivity, always however without success. He had been to things of that sort *before*, that young man invariably declared, and he didn't care to go to any of them again. He knew nobody, and didn't want to know anybody; he couldn't dance, and he hated being jabbered at and having eyes made at him for nothing.

At this point Farquart generally burst out laughing.

"Upon my word you are a nice unreasonable fellow!" he would say. "When a man has the misfortune to possess some eighty thousand a year of his own and two or three deer parks he really must expect to have to put up with a little of that sort of thing!"

"Very likely, but I tell you I don't *choose* to put up with it. Why should they make eyes at me, I should like to know? You won't pretend that they care for me, and they don't, I suppose, expect me to hand them any of those — er — deer parks you talk of then and there out of my waistcoat pocket, do they?"

The end of it was that Borroughdale of course went his own way, which really after all was not such a *very* reprehensible way so far as any body knew. He loafed a good deal about the streets, and in and out of exhibitions and museums, his shoulders always very rounded, and his hands plunged very deep down at the bottoms of his pockets. He had a big, ugly house of his own in Portman Square, the lease of which had just expired, and in the base of which he established himself with a couple of servants, a black retriever dog, and a great many disgracefully unaristocratic looking pipes. Farquart offered to do it all up for him, and turn it into a perfect miracle of beauty if he would let him, but this Borroughdale peremptorily declined. He hated pretty houses, he said — at least he hated them to live in, he didn't so much mind looking at them when they belonged to other people.

Poor Mr. Vansittart! Certainly there

was a man much to be pitied. What *was* to be done with so impossible a son? If Borroughdale had only gambled, or kept race-horses, or worse things even, why still there would have been always *something* to be said about him. He could have been put into a category — he could have been talked of as wild, fast, sporting — anything. But how upon earth was a gentleman — a member too of her Majesty's government — to account to his friends and society at large for a son who was known to be grown up; who was perfectly in his right mind, and capable of transacting his own business; who was possessed of an ancient title, and of one of the seven or eight most magnificently historical houses of England, but whom nobody knew; whom nobody ever saw; who hadn't a friend in the whole of London except a clever but rather obscurely connected young man called Farquart, and who spent the greater part of his time prowling about the streets in an old tweed shooting-coat?

This disastrous and highly demoralizing state of things had gone on for some considerable time, when late one afternoon in April Lord Borroughdale came lounging as usual into his friend's rooms with a big stick in his hands, expecting at that hour to catch him alone. He was mistaken, however. Two ladies were there, to whom the painter was at that moment displaying some of his latest pictorial triumphs. One of these ladies presented the appearance of a short, stout, motherly, rather neutral-faced person of fifty, or thereabouts, wearing a black bonnet and skirt, and a cloak or cape which displayed a good deal of gimp embroidery of the fashion of the year before last. The other lady was in black also, but tall, and slight, and young, or apparently young, for on this latter point Borroughdale at first was not absolutely certain. Hearing the door open Farquart turned rapidly round, and as rapidly introduced the two ladies as Mrs. and Miss Holland; which ceremony completed, the Marquis of Borroughdale shuffled hastily away to a rocking-chair which stood in an inner recess, upsetting two other chairs as he did so, in his haste to escape from publicity.

Farquart laughed, picked up the two chairs, and calmly continued his lecture. Left to himself Lord Borroughdale also regained equanimity, and applied himself dutifully to listen, though most of it, it must be owned, he had heard a good many times before. The name Holland did not at first convey to him any idea in

particular, but chancing presently to hear Farquart address the younger lady by her Christian name,—"Katherine, just look at this a moment will you?"—he suddenly remembered that, though he had never actually seen her before, he had heard a good deal from time to time about this Miss Katherine Holland. She was a cousin of Farquart's, he knew, and was considered immensely clever in some learned way or other, and he rather believed she had come into a lot of money. He had an idea too, he hardly knew why, that Farquart intended, or had intended, some time or other to marry her, though, whether he had actually acquired it from himself or had merely picked it up from others was more than he could distinctly recall.

These combined sources of interest caused him to look at the young lady with more attention than he generally bestowed upon her chattering sex.

Certainly Miss Holland did not appear to be the least in the world of a chatterer. She accorded her cousin's disquisitions all the respect of a nearly absolute silence, throwing in an occasional "Yes," or "Ah, I see," as a token merely of attention or acquiescence. At first the various objects about the room interfered somewhat with his view of her, but as the party approached his retreat he perceived that she was both unusually pale, and that the blackness of her hair and eyelashes no less than of her dress enhanced this natural pallor. Her figure was remarkably fine, but at first sight her face seemed wanting in the charm of animation, the mouth especially wearing that concentrated, slightly down-drooping set, which we see in those whose youth has been a joyless one, or who have lived for years under the pressure of some wearing calamity.

The tour of inspection finished, the visitors were preparing to take their leave when Farquart, who since his first entrance had not again addressed Borroughdale, suddenly turned round to him.

"Oh, by the way, Borroughdale, *you* can clear up that point for us," he said. "My cousin asked me just before you came in where that picture of Romney's of the two girls in red velvet, one of them playing upon the tambourine, that was shown last year at Burlington House, came from, and I said I thought it was from Borroughdale. Wasn't I right?"

But the young man addressed, whose thoughts had travelled some way from the subject of art, was too much taken aback at first to answer very coherently.

"Romney's? Er—yes, I think there are some Romneys there," he said vaguely, "or are they Gainsboroughs? I'm not really very sure."

"Of course, my dear fellow, there are any amount of Gainsboroughs and Romneys too for that matter," Farquart said with some impatience, "but this is a particular picture. You see the engraving of it in all the print shops. One of the girls became Duchess of Twickenham afterwards, or of Featheringdale, I'm not sure which. Why, if I'm not very much mistaken, they were both of them your own maternal great-aunts, so you can't really possibly forget."

"I do then, whether I can or I can't," Lord Borroughdale replied with his usual stolidity. "Are you an artist too, Miss Holland?" he added, turning with sudden audacity to that young lady, who with her chaperon was waiting near the door for the close of the discussion.

"No, I'm sorry to say I am not," she answered. "I am particularly good at appreciating other people's pictures, though, I think," she added, glancing round the room again with a smile.

"Yes, Farquart is a tremendous swell, isn't he?" Borroughdale said emphatically, and he thoroughly believed what he said.

After his two visitors were gone, the above-named brilliant young man still showed symptoms of that irritation he had just evinced.

"Why upon earth couldn't you remember about that picture, Borroughdale?" he said in a tone of vexation. "What is the use of a man possessing pictures enough to set up half-a-dozen ordinary collections if, after all, he doesn't really know whether he has got them or not?"

"Well, my dear Farquart, if I don't remember, I don't, so there's no use in abusing a fellow about it. Besides, I don't believe that there is anything of the sort at Borroughdale."

"Well, then, why not have said so at once, and have done with it? It makes one look as if one was —"

"Makes you look as if you were what?"

"Oh, nothing. No matter. Only a man has no right to possess such things if he can't even give himself the trouble to remember their existence. It tempts one to side with the democrats, and say that they ought to be all forcibly made over to the nation," Farquart added; this time, however, more placably, and he turned away to replace some canvases which had been pulled out of their places during the recent exhibition.

"Miss Holland isn't delicate, is she?"
Boroughdale suddenly inquired.

"Katherine? I think not, I never heard of her having any illness, and I should have been almost certain to hear of it if she had. She always looked pale."

"She looks — I don't know what — worried too."

"Yes, no wonder. She's had a wretched life of it, poor girl, what with first one person and then another. Money troubles too, which I suspect plough deeper lines in one than anything else."

"I thought you told me she was well off."

"So she is now — not what a fellow like you calls well off, but what she does, and I do too for that matter. She has about twenty thousand pounds of her own. Unluckily it only came to her comparatively lately; too late, she considers, to be of any use. Her mother made the most wretched marriage, married a surveyor, who not content with finding next to nothing to do, had a private lung complaint which carried him off about four years afterwards, leaving her in the utmost straits, though she was always too proud to let herself be helped by her relations. Then she lost a daughter, the only other child, and after struggling on for years in more or less misery, she died herself some five or six years ago, miserable of course at leaving Katherine without a penny in the world; and six months after, this wretched money dropped in from a cousin of the father's who had settled himself years ago in Australia, and who had never written, and whose very existence they had almost left off believing in!"

"So now she is comfortable?"

"Well, that depends. I should rather myself say *not*. She lives now with an uncle — a brother of her father — a very decent sort of man in his way, and rather distinguished, I'm told, in the scientific world, but as poor as Job. He is believed, or believes himself, to be going blind too, and the consequence is that Katherine is always slaving away over his bottled beasts and concoctions of various sorts, and poring for hours at a time over the microscope, until she'll make herself blind too, I tell her, if she doesn't take care."

"That would be a pity. She has very fine eyes," Boroughdale said reflectively. Farquart laughed.

"That's the first time I ever heard you pay a woman a compliment in my life," he declared.

To this Boroughdale made no reply.

He had relapsed into his usual air of taciturnity, and sat nursing one of his big knees, and occasionally cracking his finger joints as he had a graceful fashion of doing when he happened to be thinking of anything in particular. Farquart meanwhile had discovered something that was amiss in one of the canvases he was putting away, so had got out a paint-brush, and was administering gentle corrective touches with the point of it to the offending spot, stepping backwards from time to time as he did so in order to judge of the effect.

"If you were to marry Miss Holland, she — er — might begin to enjoy herself, you know," Boroughdale presently said in a tone of profound reflection. Then, after a minute's pause, "Why don't you?" he added.

Farquart laughed and shook his head.

"Perhaps because she has never asked me," he answered.

"You might ask her, though."

The other shook his head again and went to a shelf to look for a larger paint-brush.

"You like her, don't you!" Boroughdale continued rather in a tone of admonition.

"Like her? Oh dear, yes. I like her very much; few people better, as far as that goes; but that is hardly reason enough for marrying her."

"Why not?"

Farquart laughed again, this time however with some irritation.

"What a queer fellow you are, Boroughdale," he said. "Why upon earth should you suddenly want to persecute me into marrying Katherine Holland? You can go and marry her yourself if it comes to that."

"I dare say I shouldn't so much mind," the other responded sturdily. "Only she doesn't care about me, you see," he went on, "and possibly she does about you."

Farquart, who had emitted a sudden whistle of immeasurable astonishment at the first remark, smiled with a certain air of fatuity at the second.

"All very fine, my dear fellow; but it can't be done," he said. "It would be out of the question — simply out of the question for me to marry now. It would be the ruin of me."

"Not when she has money of her own."

"Yes, it would, all the same. The fact is, domesticity makes such desperate inroads upon a man. It cuts his pinions to the very quick, and I can't afford to have mine cut just yet a bit. Eight or nine

years hence it might answer well enough ; but not now."

"Eight or nine years hence wouldn't answer particularly well for Miss Holland, though," Lord Borroughdale replied decisively, with which remark he picked up his big stick and collected himself gradually together to depart.

From Good Words.

AMONG THE TRAPPISTS.

A GLIMPSE OF LIFE AT LE PORT DU SALUT.

BY SURGEON-GENERAL H. L. COWEN.*

THE monastic order of Trappists — a branch of the Cistercian — possesses monasteries in many parts of Europe, one, composed of German brethren, being in Turkey. Some of these establishments are agricultural or industrial associations ; others are reformatories for juvenile delinquents ; while some have been instituted for effecting works that might be dangerous to health and life, such as draining marshy lands where the fatal malaria broods.

The Monastery of La Trappe du Port du Salut, the subject of the present description, stands near the village of Entrammes, at Port Raingeard, on the river Mayenne, on the borders of Maine, Anjou, and Brittany. Its site has been most picturesquely chosen in a charming nook, where the stream having rapidly passed through some rocky cliffs suddenly expands, and flows slowly through rich pasture lands. With its church, farms, water-mill, cattle-sheds, gardens, and orchards, the whole settlement looks like a hamlet surrounded with an enclosure (*clôture*) marking the limits of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction. A narrow passage between two high walls leads to the entrance-gate, bearing the inscription, "Hic est Portus Salutis." — "Here is the haven of safety." A long chain with an iron cross for a handle being pulled and a bell rung, a porter opens a wicket, bows his head down to his knees — the obligatory salutation of the Trappist — and in silence awaits the ringer's interrogation. The latter may have come simply from curiosity, or he may be a traveller seeking for shelter and hospitality, a beggar asking alms, or even a wrong-doer in search of an

asylum ; he may be rich or poor, Christian, Jew, or Mohammedan — no matter ! the porter at once grants admittance, conducts him to the guests' reception-room, and summons the hostelier.

A monk in white robes appears, his head shaven with the exception of a ring of hair. He bows as did the porter. If the visitor only contemplates a stay of a few hours no formality is gone through ; a meal and refreshments are offered, and he is conducted over the monastery. But if he proposes to sleep there, the monk, whose rules are to consider that every guest has been guided to the place by our Lord himself, says, "I must worship in your person Jesus Christ, suffering and asking hospitality ; pray do not heed what I am about to do." He then falls prostrate on the ground, and so remains for a short time, in silent devotion. After this he leads the way to an adjoining room, and requests the visitor to write his name in a book, open here, as elsewhere in France, for the inspection of the police. The entry made, the father hostelier (as he is called) reads from the "Imitation of Jesus Christ" the first passage that attracts his eye. In the case of our informant it was, "I come to you, my son, because you have called me." But whatever the text may be, he adds, "Let these words form the subject of your meditations during your stay at La Trappe."

The *communauté* is the name of the monks' private buildings, where no strangers are permitted to penetrate, except by special permission and accompanied by a father. Here perpetual silence is prescribed, save during the times of religious service, and the visitor is warned that in his tour around the domicile he is to kneel, pray, and make the sign of the cross when and where he sees his companion do so. This proceeding would at first sight seem to exclude from the monastery all non-Roman Catholics. The member of any religious communion, however, is welcome, provided he pays a certain deference to the rules, and as the Trappist guide walks in advance, and never turns round to observe how his guest is engaged, all derelictions in minor matters are purposely allowed to escape his notice. Were it otherwise, he would at once retrace his steps, lead the way to the entrance door, show the visitor out, and without uttering a single word, bow and leave him there.

The church is a part of the *communauté*, and is plain in architecture and simple in ornamentation. Here it is that

* The writer is greatly indebted for the substance of the information this article contains, to his friend, Professor E. S., who has resided in the monastery of Le Port du Salut, both as a guest and as a temporary secretary to its abbot, Dom. H. M.

each Trappist is brought to die. Whenever any monk is in the throes of death, an assistant of the hospital runs about the monastery striking with a stick on a board. At that well-known summons the brethren flock to the church, where their dying brother has been already laid on ashes strewn on the stones in the shape of a cross, and covered with a bundle of straw. A solemn joy lights up every face, and the Trappist passes away amid the thanksgiving of his companions who envy his happiness. It is the *finis coronat opus* of his lifework.

The Trappist must always be ready for the grave, and as he is to be buried in his religious vestments, so he is bound to sleep in those same vestments, even to the extent of keeping his shoes on. The dormitory is common to all, the abbot included. The beds are made of quilted straw, as hard as a board, and are separated by a wooden partition, without doors, reaching more than half-way to the ceiling. There is not the least distinction of accommodation. The superior rests not more luxuriously than the brethren, because equality rules here as elsewhere in the monastery. For La Trappe is a republic governed by a chapter, the abbot being only the executive for all temporal affairs, and wielding absolute power in spiritual matters alone. But although he holds authority from the see of Rome, yet he is elected by the brethren, who may if they choose elevate the humblest official of the monastery. There are no menial occupations, as the world esteems them, inside the religious houses of the order. The commonest duties may be performed by inmates of the highest social rank.

The chapter house answers the double purpose of a hall for meetings and of a reading-room. The chapter assembles daily at 5 A.M. — the fathers in their white gowns, the brethren in their brown ones — in order to discuss any matter, temporal or spiritual, interesting to the general community. When the secular business of the day has been gone through the abbot says, "Let us speak concerning our rules," implying that any derelictions which may have occurred during the past twenty-four hours are to be considered. Then all the monks in succession, as they may have occasion, accuse themselves of any neglect, even the most trivial. One may say, "Reverend father," addressing the abbot, "I accidentally dropped my tools when working;" another, "I did not bow low enough when Brother Joseph passed me;" a third, "I saw that Brother

Antony carried a load that was too heavy, and I did not assist him." These and suchlike self-accusations may seem puerile, but they lead up to the preservation of some of the essential precepts of the order, unremitting attention while at labor, deferential demeanor and Christian courtesy towards brethren.

But if any brother may have omitted to mention derelictions of which he himself was not aware it then devolves upon his companions, with the view of maintaining rules, on the observance of which the happiness of all is concerned, to state to the abbot what those faults may have been. For instance, one will say, "When Brother Simeon comes to the chapter he sometimes forgets to make the sign for the brethren who stood up on his arrival to sit down again, and yesterday Brother Peter remained standing for one hour, until another brother came in and made the sign to be seated." Thus warned Brother Simeon rises and kisses the informant, thanking him in this way for kindly reproving him. These accusations are considered by the brethren as showing their zeal for reciprocal improvement.

The Trappist is bound to make the abbot acquainted at once with everything that occurs within the precinct of the monastery, and minutiae of the most trifling and sometimes even ludicrous nature must be reported without delay. To the same ear, and in private, must also be communicated those confessions in which personal feelings — even against himself — are concerned. To quote a single instance. It once so happened that a brother of Le Port du Salut took a dislike to Dom. H. M., the abbot, and came to tell him of it.

"Reverend father, I am very unhappy."

"Why so, brother?"

"Reverend father, I cannot bear the sight of you."

"Why so?"

"I do not know; but when I see you, I feel hatred towards you, and it destroys my peace of mind."

"It is a temptation as bad, but not worse, than any other," replied the abbot; "bear it patiently; do not heed it; and whenever you feel it again, come at once and tell me, and especially warn me if I say or do anything that displeases you."

The common belief that Trappists never speak is altogether erroneous. They do speak at stated times and under certain conditions, and they make use besides of most expressive signs, each of which is symbolical. Thus joining the fingers

of both hands at a right angle, imitating as it does the roof of a house, means *house*; touching the forehead signifies the *abbot*; the chin, a *stranger*; the heart, a *brother*; the eyes, to *sleep*, and so on with some hundreds of like signs invented by Abbé de Rancé, the founder of the order. Trappists converse in this manner with amazing rapidity, and may be heard laughing heartily at the comicality of a story told entirely by signs. Strange to say, there is no austere gloom about the Trappist. His face invariably bears the stamp of serenity, often that of half-subdued gaiety. The life he leads is nevertheless a very hard one. No fire is allowed in the winter except in the *chauffoir* or stove-room, and there the monks are permitted during excessive cold weather to come in for fifteen minutes only, the man nearest the stove yielding his place to the new-comer. The *chauffoir* and the hospital are the only artificially heated apartments in the building.

The Trappist takes but one meal and a slight refection per day. He is the strictest of all vegetarians, for he is not allowed to partake of any other food except milk and cheese. From the 14th of September to the Saturday in Passion week, he must not even touch milk. Vegetables cooked in water with a little salt, together with some cider apples, pears, and almonds, being all that is permitted him, and during that long period he takes food but once daily. The diet is not precisely the same in all monasteries, certain modifications being authorized, according to the produce of the monastic lands. Thus at Le Port du Salut they brew and drink beer, and at other places where wine is made, they use that in very limited quantities, largely diluted with water.

Trappists wait in turn at table upon their brethren. No one, not even the abbot, is to ask for anything for himself, but each monk is bound to see that those seated on either side of him get everything they are entitled to, and to give notice of any omission by giving a slight tap upon the table and pointing with the finger to the neglected brother.

Any monk arriving in the refectory after grace prostrates himself in the middle of the room and remains there until the abbot knocks with a small hammer and thus liberates him. A graver punishment is inflicted now and again at the conclusion of dinner. The culprit, so called, lies flat on the stones across the doorway, and each brother and guest is compelled to step over him as he makes

his exit. I say guest advisedly, for it is the privilege of all who receive hospitality at La Trappe to dine once—not oftener—in the monks' refectory. During meals one of the brotherhood reads aloud, in accordance with Cistercian practice.

The dinner at Le Port du Salut consists generally of vegetable soup, salad without oil, whole-meal bread, cheese, and a modicum of light beer. Though the cooking is of the plainest description the quality of the vegetables is excellent, and the cheese has become quite famous. The meal never lasts longer than twenty minutes, and when over, all remaining scraps are distributed to the poor assembled at the gate. Six hundred pounds weight of bread and several casks of soup are also distributed weekly, besides what the abbot may send to any sick person in the vicinity.

The ailing Trappist is allowed to indulge in what is called *le soulagement*, viz., two eggs taken early in the morning. In cases of very severe illness, and when under medical treatment in the hospital, animal food may be used; but the attachment to rules is so great that the authority of the superiors has frequently to be exercised in order to enforce the doctor's prescription. In the words of Father Martin, the attendant of the hospital, "When a Trappist consents to eat meat he is at death's very door."

The cemetery is surrounded on all sides by the buildings of the communauté, so that from every window the monks may see their last resting-place. The graves are indicated by a slight rising of the grass and by a cross bearing the saint's name assumed by the brother on his *profession*. Nothing else is recorded save his age and the date of his death. Three-score years and ten seem to be the minimum of life at La Trappe, and astonishing as this longevity may appear *prima facie*, it is more so when one considers that the vocation of most postulants has been determined by a desire to separate themselves from a world, in which they had previously lost their peace of soul and their bodily health.

Under the regularity of monastic life, its labor, its tranquillity, and either despite the severity of the diet or in virtue of it, it is wonderful how soon the dejected and feeble become restored to health. Out of fifteen novices, statistics show that only one remains to be what is called a *profès*, the other fourteen leaving the monastery before the expiration of two years. A touching custom may be here mentioned.

Trappists are told in their chapter meeting, "Brethren, one of us has lost a father (or any other relation); let us pray for the departed soul." But none know the name of the bereft brother.

After having taken vows as a profès the Trappist holds a co-proprietorship in the buildings and lands of the association and must live and die in the monastery. Death is his goal and best hope. In order to remind him of it, a grave is always ready in the cemetery; but the belief is altogether erroneous that each Trappist digs his own grave. When the earth yawning for the dead has been filled another pit is opened by *any one ordered for the task*. Each Trappist then comes and prays by the side of this grave which may be his own. Neither do Trappists when they meet each other say, "Brother, we must die," as is also generally accredited to them. This is, we think, the salute of the disciples of Bruno at La Grande Chartreuse.

The farm buildings of Le Port du Salut are many and various, including sheds for cattle, a corn-mill, and looms for the manufacture of the woollen and cotton clothing the monks wear. There is much land, outside as well as inside the walls of the precinct, which the monks cultivate, and they may be often seen in their full robes, despite the heat of the summer, working steadfastly in the fields, and the abbot harder than any of them.

During the twenty-four hours of an ordinary working day the Trappist is thus employed. He rises generally at two, A.M., but on feast days at midnight or at one o'clock in the morning, according to the importance of the festival. He immediately goes to church, which is shrouded in darkness, except the light that glimmers from the small lamps perpetually burning before the altar as in all Roman Catholic churches. The first service continues until three o'clock; at that hour and with the last words of the hymn all the monks prostrate themselves on the stones, and remain in silent meditation during thirty minutes. The nave is then lighted and the chants are resumed until five A.M., when masses commence. The number of hours given to liturgic offices is, on an average, seven per day. Singing, but in a peculiar way, forms a part of the worship. All the musical notes are long and of equal duration, and this because the Trappist must sing hymns "for the love of God, and not for his own delectation." Moreover, he must exert his voice to its utmost, and this being prolonged at

intervals during seven hours per diem proves a greater fatigue than even manual labor.

The distribution of the labor takes place every day under the superintendence of the abbot, the prior, and the *cellérier*, the last-named official having the care of all the temporalities of the place, and being permitted, like the superior, to hold intercourse with the outer world. The *cellérier* stands indeed in the same relation to the monastery as does a supercargo to a ship.

Labor is regular or occasional. To the first the brethren are definitely appointed, and their work is every day the same; the latter, which is mainly agacultural, is allotted by the superior according to age, physical condition, and aptitude, but it is imperative that every monk *must participate in manual labor*. Even a guest may, if he pleases, claim what is considered as a *privilege*, three hours of work a day.

After dinner the Trappist gives one hour to rest, but the maximum never exceeds seven hours, and on feast days is materially reduced by earlier rising. The midday siesta over, labor continues until a quarter to five o'clock, which is the hour of refection. Then comes the last religious office of the day, the *Salve Regina*, at which guests as well as brethren are expected to assist. The last word of the hymn at this service is the last word of the day. It is called "the time of the great silence." Monks and guests then leave the church, smothering the sound of their footsteps as much as possible, and noiselessly retire to their respective resting-places; lights are put out, except in case of special permission of the abbot, and a deathlike quiet and gloom reigns everywhere throughout the habitation.

The life of guests at Le Port du Salut differs from that of a Trappist. There is a parlor, common to all, with a fire burning in it during winter, but each one sleeps in a separate cell, and has three meals a day; he may eat eggs from Easter until September, and have his vegetables cooked with butter. Last, though not least, his wants are attended to, and his cell swept and cleaned by the father and the brother of the hostellerie, who are also at liberty to hold conversation with him.

A guest may stay in the monastery for three days without giving any particulars of himself, for fourteen days if he chooses to disclose who and what he is, and for as much as three months if his circumstances seem to need it. After that time, if he be

poor, he may be sent away to another monastery at the cost of the senders; but the abbot is free to extend a guest's visit to any duration.

Trappists are most useful citizens. They perform, per head, more labor than any farmer; they expend upon their own maintenance the very minimum necessary to support existence; they undertake, at the cost of their lives, works of great public utility, such as the draining of the extensive marshes of Les Dombes, in the south of France, and of La Metidja, at Staouéli, near Algiers, which they are converting into fruitful fields. As horticulturists, agriculturists, dairymen, millers, and breeders of cattle they are unrivalled; for men whose faith is that to work is to pray, cannot fail to excel those with whom work is, if even necessary, a tiresome obligation. Lastly, in all new establishments, the Trappist only considers his monastery founded when a dead brother has taken possession of the land and lies buried in the first open grave.

Such is the real life of the Trappists. It is apparently a happy one; and it is with feelings of deep regret and of friendly remembrance that the departing guest, as he reaches a turning of the road and sees the steeple of the monastery of Le Port du Salut disappear, stands for a moment to cast a last look upon that peaceful abode ere he wends his way again into the wide, wide world.

From The Nineteenth Century.

KARLSBAD: THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIAN WATERING-PLACES.

DR. MACPHERSON, in his "Baths and Wells of Europe," says that Karlsbad is, in many respects, the most striking bath in Europe, and one of the most frequented. Last year it was visited by upwards of twenty thousand persons, who all stayed longer than a week, and who drank or bathed in the waters. The proportion of English-speaking visitors was very small. Our countrymen have long flocked to the baths and springs of Auvergne, Savoy, and the Pyrenees; to those of Spa, Aix-la-Chapelle, Wiesbaden, and Ems; to those of Baden-Baden, Kreuznach, Homburg, Kissingen, and St. Moritz. The mineral waters of Bohemia, of which Franzensbad, Marienbad, and Karlsbad are the most famous, find but little favor in the eyes of English mineral water-drinkers. One reason for this may be

that these waters are but imperfectly known to English physicians; another, and perhaps the chief reason, may be that it is not yet the fashion for holiday-makers and health-seekers to visit them. Out of the twenty thousand strangers who visited Karlsbad last year in order to be cured of some ailment, not more than seven hundred and sixty-seven were English. Those who were citizens of the United States numbered eight hundred and seventy; as many as nineteen came from far distant Australia; the total number of English-speaking visitors, exclusive of the tourists who may have spent a day or two there, being sixteen hundred and fifty-six. At some of the watering-places named above the language most frequently heard during the season is English. At Karlsbad, on the contrary, English is the foreign tongue least spoken throughout the year.

There is no evidence that the mineral springs of Karlsbad were known to the Romans. Most of the mineral springs, which are still in high repute, were discovered and used by these conquerors of the world, who seem to have had as keen eyes and as great a liking for mineral waters as the North American Indians. Compared with Wiesbaden, for example, Karlsbad may be called a modern bath; yet, as it has been a place of resort for invalids during six centuries, it stands high in the list of long-frequented and renowned baths. As is not unusual in the case of mineral springs, a fabulous story is connected with the discovery of the Karlsbad waters. The story runs that, on the 23rd day of June, 1370, the emperor, Charles the Fourth, was hunting the stag near the place where Karlsbad now stands. The animal which he pursued suddenly leapt into a valley, whither the hounds followed it. On the hunters descending to the bottom of the valley, they saw the hounds struggling for their lives in a huge natural caldron of seething water. This is the spring called the Sprudel, which spouts several feet from the ground in the form of a small geyser. The temperature of the water is 165° Fahrenheit. That the emperor might have been hunting on the day named is probable, and that his hounds might have been scalded in the hot water is not impossible; but that the Sprudel was then discovered is disproved by the fact of the hot waters of Karlsbad having been known to King John, the emperor's father. It is plausibly conjectured that the emperor Charles the Fourth was really one of the early users of the Karlsbad waters,

and that, consequently, the place was named after him. He was but the first of a long array of crowned heads who have visited Karlsbad for their health's sake. Amongst these royal personages are numbered: Frederick the First of Prussia; Peter the Great; King Augustus the First of Poland; the emperor Charles the Sixth; King Frederick William the First of Prussia; the emperor Joseph the Second; the empress Maria Ludovika; the king of Saxony; the emperor Francis the Second and his daughter, the empress Maria Louisa, second wife of Bonaparte; King Frederick William the Third of Prussia, and his successor, the present German emperor. Whilst Francis the Second was king of Naples, he was a frequent visitor to Karlsbad; last year he returned as Duke of Castro. Last year the ex-empress Eugenie was a visitor for the first time; this year she has returned to drink the waters. Quite as important is it to note the names of visitors which will be treasured with gratitude and pride when the names of many royal personages are forgotten or despised. Amongst them are those of Sebastian Bach and Beethoven; Catalani, Sontag, Paganini, and David Strauss; Gellert, Kotzebue, Fichte, and Schelling; Herder, Goethe, and Schiller; Körner, Geibel, Auerbach, and Tourgenieff; Chateaubriand and Gervinus. Prince Blücher visited Karlsbad two years after Waterloo; and Prince Bismarck two years before Sadowa. Of the former the story is told that, after arriving and taking the waters, he exclaimed: "I was always the deadly foe of water-drinking, yet the devil has brought me here to swallow water as a matter of duty."

Till the year 1756 no regular record of the visitors was kept. In that year they numbered one hundred and thirty-four; in 1883 they numbered twenty thousand, six hundred and ninety-two. But it is clear that many invalids resorted to Karlsbad in the olden days. Lobkowitz, who died in 1510, wrote a Latin ode in praise of the Karlsbad waters. He said in that ode that their virtues merited the highest honors the Muse could bestow; that they were great natural marvels as well as most valuable natural products; that their use restored vigor to the frame and limbs of the aged, and revived in the maidens' pale cheeks the rosy tints of health. Perhaps the most curious thing in connection with these waters is that for two centuries after their medicinal character was known, they were exclusively used externally; not till 1520 was their internal use

advocated, and not till later did it become common. At present, though many patients take baths, the majority only drink the waters. That the baths could not fail to produce some effect is apparent from the way in which they were used. Dr. Summer, who wrote in 1571, gives the following account of bathing in his day:—

When a breaking out over the body and skin has to be induced, the patient must bathe for ten or eleven hours a day, beginning with a few hours the first day, bathing for three hours in the forenoon, and two in the afternoon, increasing the time by one, two, three, and more hours afterwards, till the breaking out shall have occurred. The water must not be so cold as to cause a chill to the patient, but it is to be tepid only, and not so warm as to cause perspiration. When the breaking out on the skin has taken place, the patient is to leave the bath, cover himself well with clothes, and walk up and down in a moderately warm room; or, if this be a trouble to him, he is to lie in bed in order that the evil humors may flow out. After an hour or two he is to return to the bath, where he is to remain an hour or more, and then get out again, and remain in his room so that the evil humors may recommence to flow. Thereafter he is to return to the bath, remaining there for an hour as before, and this he is to do, as far as may be practicable, four or five times and during two, three, or more days, till the evil humors cease to flow. When this happens he is to bathe again in warm water, not in the water which caused the breaking out, but in other and unused water. On the first day this water is not to be very warm, but must be cooled down, yet it should be a little warmer than the tepid water which caused the breaking out. Afterwards he is to bathe for a longer time each day in warmer water, till the skin is drawn together again. When the patient begins to bathe in warm water he is to bathe four or five times a day for fifteen or thirty minutes at a time, and, when he leaves the bath, he is to remain for an hour in a warm room. During the following days he is to prolong his stay in the bath from day to day.*

Few invalids and few maladies could long resist this heroic treatment; either the patients would get well or die. Perhaps the skins of those who never washed themselves may have required more powerful measures than would be requisite for persons who now cultivate bodily cleanliness. It is noteworthy that the original mode of treating disease was the

* This extract is translated from the old German, quoted by the late Dr. Eduard Hlawacek, in his work upon "Karlsbad," which is the most comprehensive one on the subject that exists. The edition which I have used, and from which I quote, is the fourteenth, which is edited by Dr. Julius Hofmann, and is brought down to the present year. There is no English translation of the work.

same at Karlsbad as that which is in vogue amongst the North American Indians. They seldom wash themselves till they feel ill, and then if they find a hot spring, such as I have seen in southern Colorado or New Mexico, they remain in it for hours together till they are parboiled and cured.

Two centuries after invalids had been boiled or baked at Karlsbad, Dr. Payer, a physician there, introduced a new method of treatment. In his book, published in 1522, he says: "I have remarked that this water should be drunk. However, as it has chiefly been used for bathing, and seldom for drinking purposes, many persons will consider my statement a novelty." Dr. Payer, who was a contemporary of Paracelsus, appears to have been far in advance of his age; many of his suggestions and conclusions being applicable and correct at the present day. The greatest change since his time consists in the diminished quantity of water taken by each patient, and particularly in the abandonment of a preliminary course of medicine. The old custom was to prepare the system for drinking or bathing in mineral waters by means of a drastic physicking. This was as common in France as in Germany. Indeed, the extreme to which it was carried in France is exemplified in the following account given by Boileau to Racine, which Dr. Macpherson has reproduced: "I have been purged and bled, and have not failed to comply with all the formalities required before commencing the use of the waters. The medicine which I have taken to-day has, as they pleasantly say, done me all the good in the world, for it has made me faint four or five times, and rendered me so weak that I can scarcely stand." Up to the beginning of the eighteenth century it was the rule at Karlsbad to subject the patient to a course of violent purgatives. Then the patient drank mineral waters for seven days, bathing for the next seven without drinking the water. The water-drinking was a most serious matter. Dr. Hoffmann, writing in 1705, says that no more than fifteen to eighteen glasses should be drunk the first day, but that later on the number should be increased to thirty, and, in certain cases, to forty glasses. Dr. Tilling, writing in 1756, records that he himself drank from fifty to sixty glasses in the course of two hours. Dr. Sangrado never prescribed warm water on a more extensive scale, and the puzzle is how the patients managed to swallow and retain these large quantities of warm mineral

waters. I have read that the natives of the Queen Charlotte Islands try to cure themselves of ailments by drinking a bucket or two of sea-water; but, then, they never expect to retain so much water long in their stomachs, whereas the patients at Karlsbad did not drink large doses of water in order to make themselves sick. The explanation is that they drank so many glasses of water in a warm room, and that much of it passed off in perspiration, just as in the case of water drunk in a Turkish bath. Indeed, the patients were expressly ordered to remain quiet so as to perspire the more freely. Dr. David Becher, one of the leading physicians of his day, set himself in 1777 to oppose the old custom, insisting that the preferable method of taking the waters was at the springs. He was laughed at and denounced as a reckless innovator by the admirers of the ancient ways, yet his views and advice prevailed and were followed in the end. It may be noted in passing, that not only human beings were enjoined to use the waters for their health's sake, but that the virtues of these waters were supposed to be as advantageous to the lower animals; the Mühlbrunn, which is now a favorite one with water-drinkers, was long used exclusively as a bath for sick horses, dogs, and cattle. Whilst this practice has long been abandoned here, it has been revived in the Far West of North America. Major Shepherd states in his "Prairie Experiences" that "some men put their sheep through the natural hot mineral waters which abound in the West. Each farmer will swear by his own particular spring. It cures the scab in sheep, removes corns and rheumatism in men, and is efficacious universally."

Though Dr. Becher did much to improve the medical practice of his time, he approved of larger quantities of water being swallowed than his successors would deem expedient. He wrote that, while no fixed dose could be said to be suitable in all cases, the highest limit was twenty glasses, and that from twelve to fifteen was a reasonable quantity. Dr. Hlawacek rightly remarks that this was no small dose, adding that, when he commenced practice in 1834, the ordinary dose was ten to fifteen glasses, that this was afterwards reduced to eight, and later to six as the maximum. The ordinary dose is now from three to four. The old custom of drinking the water indoors has been so far revived that many patients are ordered to drink a glassful cold before they leave

their rooms to go to the springs. At all times the regulation of diet has had a prominent place in the treatment. The truth is that many persons resort to Karlsbad because they have lived too freely and become too fat. For such persons, a part of the cure consists in enforced abstinence from certain kinds of food and liquid. Even those who suffer from impaired appetites and want of flesh, and who have always been very moderate in eating and drinking, are strictly forbidden to eat and drink certain things. They are told that butter and cheese, salad, uncooked fruit, and beer must be avoided on pain of death, whilst they are drinking the waters. Stories as horrible and as true as the ghost stories told by superstitious nurses to frighten naughty children are current about the fate of water-drinkers who have eaten forbidden dainties. One of these is to the effect that an Englishman, who was rash enough to disregard his doctor's orders, died suddenly after eating three cherries. Other persons are said to have nearly lost their lives by eating butter or drinking a glass of beer. Yet, while butter is pronounced unwhole some now, it was recommended to be eaten in former days; a writer in 1710 said it was a proper thing, at the end of each meal, to eat a quantity of fresh butter, over which caraway seeds were strewed. The same writer advised patients to eat roast meat at their early dinner, boiled meat at their early supper, and to drink well-fermented beer. Whilst there can be no doubt that fixed rules of diet may prove advantageous in some cases, it is as certain that the rules which apply to particular persons cannot be equally applicable to others. Patients come here from Russia, Italy, France, Germany, England, America, and other countries. In each of these countries the mode of living differs, and the wise physician, instead of laying down uniform rules, has to consider the constitution and habits of each individual. Those who act otherwise are as foolish as the physician who, in the last century, believed that all diseases had their origin in the itch. If a patient admitted that he had suffered from that malady, he was treated with the greatest care; but, till this admission was extorted from him, he received no attention. There are few things that may not be eaten when taking a course of Karlsbad waters, provided moderation be practised, and provided the patient has no malady rendering certain articles of food injurious to him at all times.

By way of illustrating the sort of diet which is recommended to patients in Karlsbad, I may summarize the directions given by Dr. Hlawacek, who was a practising physician for upwards of forty years there, and whose book entitled "Karlsbad" contains the results of his personal observation and long experience. For breakfast he recommends from one to two cups of coffee and milk, chocolate or cocoa, accompanied with two very small rolls, which, he is careful to add, will cost two kreutzers, or less than a penny each. He strictly forbids cream being substituted for milk; but he laments that the liking for cream is too strong to be easily overcome, saying that it is easier to wash a blackmoor white than to uproot the Karlsbad taste for coffee with cream. Dinner, he says, is to consist of three courses only—soup, meat, and a dish of vegetables; in place of vegetables, stewed fruit or a light pudding may be taken. He objects to patients dining at the *table d'hôte*, on the ground that they may be tempted to overeat themselves. There is no fear of any one succumbing to the attractions of a *table d'hôte*, as one cannot be found in any Karlsbad hotel. The soup must be very simple, and free from fat. The meat may consist of tender beef, veal, lamb, or mutton; of pigeons, fowls, capons, pheasants, partridges, or ducks; but the skin of these birds is on no account to be eaten. Hare and venison are prohibited. Such fish as trout, pike, and carp may be eaten; but here, again, the skin is to be left untouched—a piece of advice which English readers will deem quite superfluous. The vegetables he allows are spinach, carrots, cauliflower, green peas, French beans, asparagus, and mashed potatoes. Stewed cherries, plums, apricots, and strawberries are permitted, but all pastry is condemned, especially the sweet biscuits, which are known in Karlsbad as *Oblaten*, and which have recently been introduced into England under the name of Karlsbad biscuits. In exceptional cases, Dr. Hlawacek permits such raw fruit to be eaten as strawberries, ripe grapes, and sweet oranges. He holds that white bread should be eaten in preference to black—a preference which is in entire accord with the English taste—and he thinks that stale bread is the most wholesome—an opinion which many English people share. Water he pronounces the best drink; after it he ranks weak wine and water. The wine chosen may be either Austrian, Bohemian, Hungarian, Moselle, or Medoc, but the

quantity drunk must not exceed half a bottle daily. In exceptional cases he permits patients to drink a glass or two of champagne, or a glass of good light beer. Between dinner and supper some Germans are in the habit of taking a light meal called *Vesperbrod*, which corresponds with the English five o'clock tea. It seems that coffee with cream is the favorite drink at this meal, and that a roll is eaten at the same time. Dr. Hlawacek disapproves of the coffee, the cream, and the roll, and he advises sensible persons to take, instead of them, a glass or two of aerated water. This, he says, will do them as much good as the other would do them harm. Supper is to consist of soup, a roll, some stewed fruit, or, at the outside, of two soft-boiled eggs. Those who want something more substantial may eat a slice of raw ham, a permission of which English patients will be slow to avail themselves. At supper, water is again recommended as the only drink; but those who are fond of tea may take it instead, provided it be tepid and very weak, as it usually is in Karlsbad. Those who prefer beer to soup may substitute the one for the other; but those who want to give the mineral water the best chance of working an effectual cure are advised to go to bed fasting, unless, as is most probable, they should suffer severely from the pangs of hunger.

Dr. Hlawacek is careful to provide a mental as well as a physical *régime* for Karlsbad patients. He appears to think that if invalids do not keep up their spirits, they will not get up their strength. He says they should throw off all worldly cares and live for their health's sake, without thinking too much about their ailments; that they should arrange for having regular letters from their families, but should not exhaust themselves by writing too much in return. He warns them against "the medical vampires" who get into conversation with patients, make them dissatisfied with their medical advisers, and give them bad advice generally. He advises patients to confine their reading to light literature, and especially to newspapers, which he considers the lightest of all reading. If they will play at cards, they must not play for high stakes or for several hours at a time; they would be better employed, he thinks, in playing billiards or, best of all, in taking walks and enjoying the beauties of nature. After the labors of the day are over, the patient is allowed to go to bed. However drowsy he may feel during the day he

must resist temptation and keep awake by bathing the face in cold water or smelling eau-de-Cologne. Those who have had very bad nights may indulge in a nap for half an hour after dinner, but they are warned that to do so habitually is dangerous. Sensible persons are expected to go to bed at nine and get up at five. In this case they can act sensibly with the greater ease if they have strictly followed Dr. Hlawacek's advice and abstained from taking anything after their dinner at one o'clock except a walk and a glass or two of aerated water. Famished and fatigued, they will regard bed as the best of all places, and sleep as a true comforter.

Patients are told not only what to eat, drink, and avoid, but they are also minutely instructed how to act in other matters of lesser moment. Their clothing must be neither too heavy and warm, nor too light and tight, the compression of the body or neck impeding the circulation, a piece of knowledge which may have been acquired by most patients before reading Dr. Hlawacek's book. As the weather is changeable at Karlsbad, they must not come without overcoats and warm clothes. No provision is made for the cases of those who, being ignorant that the weather is changeable, omitted to bring warm clothing with them. Dr. Hlawacek writes: "Precautions should be taken lest those who take long walks during unsettled weather should be unprotected when a sudden shower of rain falls." This is a roundabout way of saying, "When you go for a walk, carry an umbrella." Young people are allowed to dance whilst they are at Karlsbad, provided they do so in moderation; a gentle movement of the body being beneficial rather than otherwise. Smoking is also permitted to regular smokers. They must be careful, however, to smoke good, light cigars or tobacco, and they must not smoke all day long. No one is to smoke more than four cigars and from two to three pipes. Nor is any one to smoke before breakfast and on the way to the springs. Those who suffer from catarrh of the stomach, a malady often brought on by excessive smoking, and one which causes many persons to take the Karlsbad waters, are enjoined to cease smoking altogether. This injunction will give most smokers the less uneasiness, as they will find it very hard, if not impossible, to procure good cigars in Karlsbad. Dr. Hlawacek advises patients to live in rooms which are light, airy, and free from draughts and damp, advice which is thoroughly sensible, if

somewhat superfluous; but there may be more need of the further advice to give up taking medicine in order that the healing action of the waters may not be interfered with.

Before noticing the different springs and the place itself, I may give some interesting particulars concerning two distinguished visitors, one of them being Peter the Great, the other Goethe. Those concerning the former I have found in a lecture delivered by the chief priest Kustodieff before a meeting of Russians held at Karlsbad in honor of Peter the Great's two hundredth birthday. Peter first visited Karlsbad in October, 1711, doing so with a view to drink the waters; but nothing definite is known about his malady. From a picture of the period a notion may be formed of the manner in which he took the waters. A room is there shown in which there is a bed, and on the wall a board on which to chalk the number of glasses taken. There are three rows of figures, the third is blurred, but the second indicates the number 23. An anecdote is preserved which shows why the czar Peter had to be careful in noting the number of glasses. When the doctor first saw him he ordered that the czar should begin by drinking three glasses. The czar understood him to mean three pitchers, and selected, out of the pitchers used for bringing water from the Sprudel to his lodging, the one which he thought the best for the purpose of drinking. Lying in bed he swallowed the contents of one pitcher and had nearly finished those of a second when the doctor entered the room. The czar said to him: "I think I shall empty the second pitcher, but I cannot possibly manage to get down the contents of the third." The doctor was astounded, and hastened to explain the mistake. As the archives of Karlsbad were destroyed by fire in 1759, many of the particulars concerning the czar's sojourn are lost; but the records of Teplitz have been preserved, and they contain the following anecdote of the czar, who went thither from Karlsbad to take the baths. He arrived at Teplitz on the 5th of November, 1712, and took a bath that day. Although the temperature of the water was 110° Fahrenheit, he ordered a stove to be placed in the bathroom and heated to a high pitch, and, before entering the hot water, he swallowed a large quantity of brandy. Each time he took a bath he remained several hours in it. In the absence of more precise information,

it may be inferred that over-doses of brandy may have occasioned the czar's ailment. He was as assiduous at his devotions as in drinking. There being no Greek church at Karlsbad then, he was accustomed to go daily up the side of the valley, kneel before a cross placed there, and say his prayers, whilst his attendants kept away intruders. He worked as a mason at a house then building, and he competed for and carried off the prize at a shooting-match. On both occasions he displayed his hasty temper. A mason regarding him, as he thought, in a contemptuous fashion, he threw a trowel-full of mortar in the poor man's face. Learning afterwards that, instead of meaning disrespect, the mason meant to express his astonishment at seeing so great a man working with a trowel as a mason, the czar repented him of his haste and of the injury done to the mason, and made him a present. In like manner he was so enraged at the applause of a spectator of his shooting, who was really surprised at his skill but was supposed by the czar to have made so much noise in order to distract his attention, that he fired at, but happily missed him. When told of the over-enthusiastic spectator's real intention, he made amends by a gift. It was nearly as dangerous to applaud the czar too vigorously as it was to oppose any of his whims. Amongst the mementoes of his stay at Karlsbad are an ivory snuff box and the legs of a table fashioned by himself at a turning-lathe. A spot on the hill-slope to which he rode on a barebacked horse is named after him. Most noteworthy, however, of all the circumstances connected with his stay at Karlsbad was that, when he visited it in 1712 for the second time, he then renewed and continued the personal acquaintance with Leibnitz, which he had first made at Torgau in 1711. At Karlsbad, the czar took counsel with the great philosopher as to the reforms to be introduced into Russia. He made Leibnitz a privy councillor with a yearly pension of one thousand thalers, or 150*l*. Leibnitz gave the czar much good advice in return; but not even a philosopher like Leibnitz, or a czar like Peter, can transform the habits and manners of a whole people; hence progress in Russia has necessarily been more gradual than was expected by the philosopher and the sovereign who discussed at Karlsbad the best way in which to raise the Russian nation to a level with the other nations of Europe.

Amongst czars, Peter was a great man; Goethe was far greater than Peter, because he was a great man amongst men. It is, indeed, no small honor to Karlsbad that it was one of Goethe's favorite places of resort, that there he planned and wrote some of his best works, and that there he acquired that stock of health which lightened his labors and lengthened his life. He was thirty-six years old when he visited Karlsbad for the first time. This was in 1785. He was seventy-four when, in 1823, he paid his last visit to it. A painful affection of the kidneys, from which he suffered early in life, was the reason why he sought for relief in the healing waters of Karlsbad, and, happily, he found what he sought. Twelve times, at longer or shorter intervals, did Goethe take a course of the Karlsbad waters. He wrote to Frau von Stein in 1785 that the waters which he drank and in which he bathed suited him very well, and that the necessity of being obliged to keep company with his fellows had a beneficial effect upon him; all things having tended, the ladies included, to render his stay agreeable and interesting. The following year he returned, and occupied himself with preparing for the press a collected edition of his works. He told the Duke of Saxe Weimar that the second year's use of the waters had greatly improved his health; he started off from Karlsbad on the 3rd of September, 1786, in good health and spirits, on his long-contemplated journey to Italy. He stole away, as he says, very early in the morning, and without even saying good-bye to his friends, lest they should seek to detain him longer. He did not return to Karlsbad for nine years. In a letter to Schiller, written in July, 1795, he says that he was welcomed as a famous author, but that some persons confounded him with another writer of the day. Thus a charming lady told him that she had read his last work with the greatest pleasure, and that "Ardinghella" had interested her in the highest degree — the actual author of this romance being Heinse. In another letter he records that the waters were effecting a cure, and that he scrupulously observed the prescribed rules — getting up at five, passing his days in idleness, mixing with the people, and enjoying much conversation, and some adventures. That he was not wholly idle is shown by his adding that he had written the fifth book of "Wilhelm Meister," and was about to finish the sixth. Eleven years passed

away before Goethe, for the fourth time, visited Karlsbad. This was in 1806. He put up at the Three Moors, a lodging-house to which he always returned; partly, it is alleged, out of a special liking for the landlady, Frau Heillinggötter. He was then fifty-seven, and his visit was the result of medical orders, his own opinion being that the waters would not do him any good this time. However, he was so much and so speedily the better for his visit that he regretted having postponed it so long. On this occasion, as on other occasions, he busied himself with studying botany, mineralogy, and geology. The curious geological formation of the valley in which Karlsbad lies and through which the Tepel flows, interested him exceedingly, and he was assiduous in investigating the origin of the mineral waters. He said that he never left this place without an addition to his stock of information. Later he wrote an essay on the Bohemian mountain range, which became the guide to explorers of it. He wrote to Herr Voigt on the 12th of July that

the weather suits me very well, and I do not desire to be better than I am now, if it would only last. Müller, the stonecutter, is the same old man, and he has been induced by the new mineralogists to strive after some novelty; he has really collected some very pretty things, and I shall bring away with me a set of them for my cabinet. Up to the present time the visitors' list shows that 542 persons have arrived; as in former years they belong to all nations, conditions, and creeds, and they all use the warm springs for the recovery of their health. This year the Neubrunn is the most fashionable, because it specially suits the gentler sex.

A few days later he informed Frau von Stein: "I am in capital condition. My health has been re-established without the aid of physic, and solely by drinking and bathing in the waters." He adds that the number of visitors had increased to six hundred and fifty. Leaving Karlsbad and Bohemia early in August, Goethe remarked that their peacefulness gave him the impression of being in the land of Goshen. The year 1806 was not a quiet one elsewhere. Returning in the following year, Goethe wrote a pamphlet on the mineralogy of Karlsbad, which was printed there. The waters continued to benefit him, only a change was made in the treatment; he gave up taking those of the hot Sprudel, and drank the cooler waters of other springs. He was very ill on arriving, and he became worse owing to a mis-

take in using the waters; however, he was restored to good health in six weeks' time. He wrote some of his minor works during this visit. His son, and the dukes of Coburg and Saxe Weimar were visitors at the same time. The only things worthy of note in his visit during 1808 is a passage in a letter to Knebel to the effect that he had given up reading the newspapers, as they contained so much that was false and misleading, and that his friends kept him perfectly well informed about the news of the day. He remarks, too, that the threatening aspect and uncertain state of affairs rendered strangers chary of discussing political matters. One of the Karlsbad industries, one, too, which is still prosecuted, though the competition of machinery renders it daily more unprofitable, is pin-making. The Karlsbad pins have always been in request, and this will explain the following short passage in a letter from Goethe to Frau von Stein: "I am very well. Along with this you will receive a pound of pins, costing two thalers twelve groschen (about 7s.), owing to the dearth of brass. Brass is no longer drawn into wire, being too much in demand for cannon." Again, writing on the 16th of August, he says:—

I am well, and have no reason to be dissatisfied with this summer. I have had the experience of all sorts of society, from the most complete solitude to the greatest noise and bustle, succeeded by solitude again. Thus the summer season at a watering-place bears a close resemblance to man's life. So it has been as regards the weather. The finest May days, rain, heat, and damp, misty evenings, anticipating those of autumn, and the most beautiful moonlight nights, succeeding each other; these we find everywhere, yet in the mountain range and valleys of this locality one is the more impressed with them, as they affect us in a more characteristic fashion. At times the heat is like that of an oven, and the rain is like a deluge.

Goethe notes that the Duke of Gotha, who was then at Karlsbad, had the bad habit of always making one of his guests the butt of his wit and ridicule, but that the duke spared him. He expresses his surprise at the occasional flashes of clever observation and repartee which the duke displayed in company. Goethe also records that he worked as hard at this time as if he had still to make his way in the world. He spent three months and a half in Karlsbad during 1808. Revisiting it in 1810, he was there when the empress Maria Ludovica arrived, and he wrote

verses in her honor which his least critical admirers praise the most highly. Not being so much benefited in health as he hoped to be, he went to Teplitz, where his health improved. He blamed the continuous bad weather at Karlsbad as the cause of his illness, and expressed his regret to have to find fault with "a place which he loved so well." Nothing deserves mention about his stay during 1811 except that he informed the Duke of Saxe Weimar that "Picknicks" were very common. His wife was with him for part of the time, and she did not please the ladies, who were Goethe's ardent worshippers. Frau von Schiller writes contemptuously about "Goethe's corpulent better-half." In 1812, he returned on the 4th of May, and he was the third arrival of the season. He had a sharp attack of his old malady, which confined him to the house for several weeks; he went to Teplitz for a short time, and then returned to Karlsbad, which he did not leave till September, his stay lasting four months. During that period he made the acquaintance of Wilhelm von Humboldt, who wrote to him afterwards expressing the great pleasure he had in conversing with him, being especially struck with the views about Shakespeare expressed during their walks, which he begged Goethe to set forth in writing. Five years elapsed before his revisiting Karlsbad; when he did so, in 1818, he made Prince Blücher's acquaintance there, and he heard Madame Catalani sing. So pleased was he with the songstress that he wrote a few lines to the effect that she had made him appreciate for the first time the advantage of men having ears. On the 28th of August, 1819, being his birthday, he paid his eleventh visit to Karlsbad, and he was present there when Prince Metternich, Count Bernstorff, and Count Kaunitz assembled together to unite together Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, Hanover, Baden, Hesse, and Nassau, a conspiracy against human freedom, which was the last combined attempt of the despots of Germany to keep their subjects in abject bondage. The twelfth and last time Goethe visited Karlsbad for the sake of the waters was in 1820. He was still active in researches of all kinds. Anticipating Mr. Ruskin, he busied himself during his journey in noting the cloud formations, keeping for a time a diary in which he entered the various atmospheric conditions and appearances in order to arrive at conclusions respecting the particular forms of the clouds. He attended

a wedding, the persons present representing the middle class; he says that by conversing with them "he gained a clearer knowledge of the actual state of Karlsbad than he previously had, having till then been accustomed to regard the place as a large hospital and hotel." In 1823 he paid Karlsbad a flying visit, the attraction being Fräulein Ulrike von Lewezow, a young and charming lady, who had smitten the great poet's very susceptible heart, and who, owing probably to his being seventy-four, received and declined the offer of his hand.

The sixty years that have elapsed since Goethe last saw Karlsbad have been crowded with changes. He would not recognize some of his old habitations and beloved haunts. The houses in which he stayed or those which have been built upon their sites bear inscriptions of the fact of his residence. A place in the town is called after him: his marble bust, the first monument erected to his honor in Austria, is one of the artistic charms of Karlsbad. More fortunate than Peter the Great, the countless strangers who know the German tongue can learn from the inscriptions on tablets which of the houses were consecrated by Goethe's presence. The very small number of visitors who read Russian can alone learn from tablets outside the houses that the Czar Peter once lived and labored in them.

Visitors to Karlsbad have long been in the habit of leaving behind them some token of their stay there, and of gratitude for the benefit received. Instead of merely writing their names on wooden benches, carving them on trees, or cutting them in stones, they have had inscriptions painted on metal or wooden tablets, and have had these tablets fixed in conspicuous places. A granite obelisk erected last year bears inscriptions in Hungarian, French, and German, to the effect that it is a thank-offering to Karlsbad from grateful Hungarians. In 1859, Kiss, the great Prussian sculptor, carved an image in the solid rock as a testimony of good wishes and his skill. Many of the inscriptions are in the French tongue, and they are sometimes couched in a variety of French which would be unfamiliar in France. A Count Findlater, who is sometimes called Lord Findlater, but whose name I do not remember to have seen in the English peerage, was conspicuous and energetic at the end of last century in improving the walks about Karlsbad, and for this the burghers have honored him

with a memorial in stone. He erected a covered resting-place for weary wayfarers in 1801, wherein he placed a French inscription, expressive of his gratitude for having lived under "the mild and paternal laws of Austria." Those who know what the laws of Austria were at that period must be aware that, whilst they favored men of birth or fortune, they were scourges of scorpions for the body of the people. As many of the inscriptions are in some Slav tongue they escape both attention and criticism from the majority of visitors. I observed but one in English: it consisted of a few verses on the back of one of two stone seats which had been erected at the cost of Lady Henrietta Maria Stanley of Alderley; the dates being 1842, 1878. I quote the verses which give expression to a kindly sentiment:—

To the bright town that gave me health and
rest
Year after year in life's quick pilgrimage,
Grateful I dedicate these seats, a nest
Where youthful love may talk, and wayworn
age,
Remembering all that life has lost and given,
May pause and think upon the rest of Heaven!

On the back of the other seat are a few beautiful lines from Goethe, which it is impossible to translate adequately, and which express in exquisite words how, for all toilers, there is repose at last. Several visitors have commemorated their stay here by causing walks through the woods to be cut at their own expense. Amongst them is the Russell Weg, for which the town is indebted to two nephews of the late Earl Russell, who, in their youth, lived for some time in Karlsbad with their mother. One was Arthur, the other Odo Russell. As I write these lines the sad news comes from Berlin that the latter, recently known as Lord Ampthill, has suddenly passed away in the prime of his life and the fullness of his powers. His great and most efficient services require no eulogy. In common with all who had made his personal acquaintance, I feel his untimely death to be a calamity of no common kind. It might have been averted had he been able to leave Berlin for Karlsbad, where rooms had been engaged for him. Last year he came to Karlsbad in greatly impaired health, and he left it much better. Diplomatic business detaining him in Berlin, it may truly be said that he died at his post, a martyr to duty.

The number of picturesque walks in

and about Karlsbad is one of its many attractions. No less than twenty exist; they are all through scenery alike varied and charming, and the pathway in each case is excellently kept. A charm of these woods and walks is the number and tameness of the birds. This is due to the care taken of them, a society existing for providing food for the feathered songsters. In and near the town itself there are weighing machines at short intervals. A man who can make a living in no other way, provides a weighing machine for the use of the visitors who are concerned about their weight, and who form a large proportion of the patients. Some delicate invalids take the waters in order to regain health and flesh, and they seem delighted when they find that they have added several pounds to their weight. Yet their joy does not appear equal to that openly manifested by those who find themselves growing thinner and lighter day after day. The visitors most open in showing pleasure at becoming lighter generally belong to what is commonly regarded as the fairer and gentler, but what here appears to be the fatter and heavier sex. Perhaps it is the fact of many stout persons resorting to Karlsbad for treatment that has led some English physicians to regard the waters as strong purgatives and nothing more. That they are strong is beyond question; but that they are solely fitted for removing superfluous fat is a mistake. I shall not discuss their medicinal properties: this lies within the physician's province, and, for this reason, it is highly imprudent to drink the waters without medical advice. But I may note, as interesting and indisputable, the fact that in one malady — the formation of gall stones — they are regarded as a specific, and that they have proved of singular efficacy in certain obscure and puzzling diseases. Dr. Hufeland, whose "Art of Prolonging Life" used to be a favorite work, wrote in 1815 in strong praise of these waters generally, and especially as to their virtue in alleviating or curing diabetes. Dr. Seegen, a distinguished member of the medical faculty of the University of Vienna, and who for many years has been the most esteemed consulting physician during the season at Karlsbad, has confirmed Hufeland's views as to the value of the waters in arresting or removing that malady. So well is this known that Karlsbad has been named a large hospital for diabetic patients. As to the proved efficacy of the waters in other diseases, there is a

consensus of opinion amongst competent medical men; but why they prove efficacious in any case remains an unsolved problem. The principal springs are five in number, and are alike in their chemical composition: but they differ in temperature. The Sprudel, which is the hottest, has a temperature of 165°; the Schlossbrunn, one of the coolest, has a temperature of 124° Fahrenheit. A new one, which has just been discovered, is said to resemble those of Marienbad. It is easy enough, indeed, to discover a spring by boring anywhere within a certain area. More than once, in the history of the town, there has been a disastrous outburst of scalding water, and earthquakes have occurred. No little care is required to keep the Sprudel on its good behavior. It is a useful and health-giving friend, but a most dangerous enemy. There are bath-houses, in which patients bathe in mineral water, and others in which Moor baths are taken. If a Moor bath be as curative as is alleged, then a fortune is to be easily made in certain parts of Ireland or Scotland. A Moor bath is simply a solution of peat in water; in other words, it is an artificial warm peat bog. The patient who takes one realizes practically the meaning of "wallowing in the mire." The sensation is less unpleasant than the appearance of the bath.

A part of the "cure" at Karlsbad consists in drinking Giesshübler mineral water at or between meals. The water is pleasant and sparkling, and it is said to possess many virtues. An excursion to the place where it is found is made by most of the visitors to Karlsbad. The distance is seven miles and a half, and the road thither passes through romantic scenery. Situated in a valley on the left bank of the Eger, Giesshübl-Puchstein is a very pretty little watering-place. The chief spring is called King Otto's spring, in honor of the king of the Greeks who visited this place and drank the waters in 1852. About one hundred and ten feet above the river bank, this spring wells up through a cleft in the granite rock of which the slope is formed. From the tenth edition of a small work on the subject by Dr. Löschner, I learn that the Giesshübl water has long been known and valued, being in request as far back as the thirteenth century. It seems to have been always a regular adjunct to the treatment in Karlsbad. Dr. Payer, who wrote in 1522, and Dr. Summer in 1571, about the waters of the latter place, both recommend the

use of Giesshübler water also. It is recorded that when the archduchess Ferdinand took baths at Karlsbad in 1571 and 1574, she drank Giesshübler water under medical advice. There was a great demand for it up to 1805; agencies were opened for its sale in Prague and Vienna, and it was regularly supplied to the imperial court. But, between 1805 and 1829, the sale of the water fell off, and the very existence of the place whence it came seemed forgotten. This is attributed to the imperfect manner in which it was bottled. Since 1829 greater care is taken in bottling it, and now the number of bottles sent away yearly is upwards of four millions. Throughout Austria and some parts of Germany this water is as well known, and is as much drunk, as Apollinaris is in England. It has the advantage of being naturally charged with enough carbonic acid gas to be at once pleasant and easily digestible. When exported to England it is, like the Apollinaris, prepared for the English market; in other words, it is artificially surcharged with carbonic acid gas. Those persons in England who wish to enjoy Giesshübler water as they do who drink it in Austria, should insist upon being supplied with it in its natural state. When bottled and sold in that state, there are no wires over the corks; when artificially prepared the corks are wired, and the bottles resemble in shape those in which Apollinaris is sold.

A certain number of patients go to Giesshübl-Puchstein for treatment. Taken internally and externally the water is said by Dr. Löschner to be efficacious in bronchial irritation, catarrh of the bladder, and gout. A whey cure and a cold-water cure are also provided for the visitors to Giesshübl-Puchstein. Quite as good as either may be the open-air cure, as the air is pure and bracing, and the walks and scenery are so attractive as to tempt the visitors to remain out of doors. Not yet being accessible by rail, the place is much less frequented than those which are more easily reached. On the other hand, it is much more enjoyable than if it were overrun by scampering tourists. Amongst the watering-places of Bohemia, one of the most charming is Giesshübl-Puchstein.

Karlsbad is no place for the mere seeker after pleasure. The waters are what the French and Germans term "serious," and life there during the season is serious also. In the days that Goethe was a vis-

itor much more amusement and variety prevailed. The visitors being then fewer in number, it was possible to get up entertainments at which they could all be present. A very marked change occurred in 1852. Till then every visitor's arrival was welcomed by a blast on a horn from the castle tower, and by a serenade outside the house in which he lodged. In England at one time, when a distinguished person landed at a seaport, the church-bells were rung in his honor. Afterwards the bell-ringers waited upon him, and they were not complimentary in their remarks if he failed to reward them handsomely. The blowing of horns and the playing of bands at Karlsbad were followed by applications for gratuities. Now, each visitor pays a sum to the town not exceeding fifteen florins, and for this he is allowed to listen to the town band, and drink, but not bathe in the mineral waters without further charge. He has plenty of other payments to make. In the season, Karlsbad is a very expensive as well as a serious place of abode. Whilst the coming guest is no longer welcomed with the blowing of horns, the parting one is now sped on his way with flowers. Large bouquets and baskets of flowers are placed in the carriage which conveys the homeward bound traveller to the railway station. Ladies are said to prize these manifestations of good feeling so highly that, if they cannot count upon gifts of flowers, they will pay for the flowers that are handed to them. To present a small bouquet is a graceful attention; but when a carriage is so encumbered with flowers that little room is left for anything else, the compliment is converted into a farce. At the railway station, or shortly after leaving it, the superabundant floral tributes cease to charm, and they are thrown away. When a pleasant custom is exaggerated till it becomes ridiculous in all eyes save those of vain women and florists, it should be discontinued and discontinued. The parting guest cares less about presents of flowers than about the benefits he has gained from the waters. Many visitors to Karlsbad renew their youth there, and they return home highly pleased as well as glad to acknowledge that they have received ample compensation for weeks of enforced abstemiousness and wearisome water-drinking or bathing. Others are less fortunate. They go away without experiencing any sensible improvement, and fearing that they have foolishly wasted their time and substance in a vain quest

after health. Yet hope "adorns and cheers their way." They may console themselves with the expectation which physicians encourage, that the most marked advantage of treatment at Karlsbad is often reaped after many days. Thus, both those who rejoice in renewed health, and those who anticipate a like blessing in the future, have good cause for gratitude; and they may, with hearts nearly as light as their purses, bid a hearty farewell to Karlsbad, the beautiful and beneficent queen of Bohemian watering-places.

W. FRASER RAE.

From Chambers' Journal.

CURIOSITIES OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

CONSIDERING the world-wide reputation of the Bank of England, it is remarkable how little is generally known as to its internal working. Standing in the very heart of the largest city in the world — a central landmark of the great metropolis — even the busy Londoners around it have, as a rule, only the vaguest possible knowledge of what goes on within its walls. In truth, its functions are so many, its staff so enormous, and their duties so varied, that many even of those who have spent their lives in its service will tell you that, beyond their own immediate departments, they know but little of its inner life. Its mere history, as recorded by Mr. Francis, fills two octavo volumes. It will be readily understood, therefore, that it would be idle to attempt anything like a complete description of it within the compass of a magazine article. There are, however, many points about the bank and its working which are extremely curious and interesting, and some of these we propose briefly to describe.

The Bank of England originated in the brain of William Paterson, a Scotchman — better known, perhaps, as the organizer and leader of the ill-fated Darien expedition. It commenced business in 1694, its charter — which was in the first instance granted for eleven years only — bearing date the 27th July of that year. This charter has been from time to time renewed, the last renewal having taken place in 1844. The original capital of the Bank was but one million two hundred thousand pounds, and it carried on its business in a single room in Mercers' Hall, with a staff of fifty-four clerks. From so small a be-

ginning has grown the present gigantic establishment, which covers nearly three acres, and employs in town and country nearly nine hundred officials. Upon the latest renewal of its charter, the Bank was divided into two distinct departments, the issue and the banking. In addition to these, the Bank has the management of the national debt. The books of the various government funds are here kept: here all transfers are made, and here all dividends are paid.

In the banking department is transacted the ordinary business of bankers. Here other banks keep their "reserve," and hence draw their supplies as they require them. The issue department is intrusted with the circulation of the notes of the Bank, which is regulated as follows. The Bank in 1844 was a creditor of the government to the extent of rather over eleven million pounds, and to this amount and four million pounds beyond, for which there is in other ways sufficient security, the Bank is allowed to issue notes without having gold in reserve to meet them. Beyond these fifteen million pounds, every note issued represents gold actually in the coffers of the Bank. The total value of the notes in the hands of the public at one time averages about twenty-five million pounds. To these must be added other notes to a very large amount in the hands of the banking department, which deposits the bulk of its reserve of gold in the issue department, accepting notes in exchange.

All Bank of England notes are printed in the Bank itself. Six printing presses are in constant operation, the same machine printing first the particulars of value, signature, etc., and then the number of the note in consecutive order. The paper used is of very peculiar texture, being at once thin, tough, and crisp; and the combination of these qualities, together with the peculiarities of the watermark, which is distributed over the whole surface of the paper, forms one of the principal guarantees against imitation. The paper, which is manufactured exclusively at one particular mill, is made in oblong slips, allowing just enough space for the printing of two notes side by side. The edges of the paper are left untrimmed, but after printing the two notes are divided by a straight cut between them. This accounts for the fact, which many of our readers will doubtless have noticed, that only one edge of a bank-note is smooth, the other three being comparatively ragged. The

printing-presses are so constructed as to register each note printed, so that the machine itself indicates automatically how many notes have passed through it. The average production of notes is fifty thousand a day, and about the same number are presented in the same time for payment.

No note is ever issued a second time. When once it finds its way back to the Bank to be exchanged for coin, it is immediately cancelled; and the reader will probably be surprised to hear that the average life of a bank-note, or the time during which it is in actual circulation, is not more than five or six days. The returned notes, averaging, as we have stated, about fifty thousand a day, and representing, one day with another, about one million pounds in value, are brought into what is known as the accountant's sorting office. Here they are examined by inspectors, who reject any which may be found to be counterfeit. In such a case, the paying-in bank is debited with the amount. The notes come in from various banks in parcels, each parcel accompanied by a memorandum stating the number and amount of the notes contained in it. This memorandum is marked with a certain number, and then each note in the parcel is stamped to correspond, the stamping machine automatically registering how many are stamped, and consequently drawing immediate attention to any deficiency in the number of notes as compared with that stated in the memorandum. This done, the notes are sorted according to number and date, and after being defaced by punching out the letters indicating value, and tearing off the corner bearing the signature, are passed on to the bank-note library, where they are packed in boxes, and preserved for possible future reference during a period of five years. There are one hundred and twenty clerks employed in this one department; and so perfect is the system of registration, that if the number of a returned note be known, the head of this department, by referring to his books, can ascertain in a few minutes the date when and the banker through whom it was presented; and if within the period of five years, can produce the note itself for inspection. As to the "number" of a bank-note, by the way, there is sometimes a little misconception, many people imagining that by quoting the bare figures on the face of a note they have done all that is requisite for its identification. This is not the case. Bank-notes are not

numbered consecutively *ad infinitum*, but in series of one to one hundred thousand, the different series being distinguished as between themselves by the date, which appears in full in the body of the note, and is further indicated, to the initiated, by the letter and numerals prefixed to the actual number. Thus $\frac{25}{O}$ 90758 on the face of a note indicates that the note in question is No. 90758 of the series printed on May 21, 1883, which date appears in full in the body of the note. $\frac{69}{N}$ in like manner indicates that the note forms part of a series printed on February 19, 1883. In "taking the number" of a note, therefore, either this prefix or the full date, as stated in the body of the note, should always be included.

The library of cancelled notes — not to be confounded with the Bank Library proper — is situated in the bank vaults, and we are indebted to the courtesy of the bank-note librarian for the following curious and interesting statistics respecting his stock. The stock of paid notes for five years — the period during which, as before stated, the notes are preserved for reference — is about seventy-seven million seven hundred and forty-five thousand in number. They fill thirteen thousand four hundred boxes, about eighteen inches long, ten wide, and nine deep. If the notes could be placed in a pile one upon another, they would reach to a height of five and two-thirds miles. Joined end to end they would form a ribbon twelve thousand four hundred and fifty miles long, or half-way round the globe; if laid so as to form a carpet, they would very nearly cover Hyde Park. Their original value is somewhat over seventeen hundred and fifty millions, and their weight is about ninety-one tons. The immense extent of space necessary to accommodate such a mass in the Bank vaults may be imagined. The place, with its piles on piles of boxes reaching far away into dim distance, looks like some gigantic wine-cellar or bonded warehouse.

As each day adds, as we have seen, about fifty thousand notes to the number, it is necessary to find some means of destroying those which have passed their allotted term of preservation. This is done by fire, about four hundred thousand notes being burnt at one time in a furnace specially constructed for that purpose. Formerly, from some peculiarity in the ink with which the notes were printed, the cremated notes burnt into a solid blue

clinker; but the composition of the ink has been altered, and the paper now burns to a fine gray ash. The fumes of the burning paper are extremely dense and pungent; and to prevent any nuisance arising from this cause, the process of cremation is carried out at dead of night, when the city is comparatively deserted. Further, in order to mitigate the density of the fumes, they are made to ascend through a shower of falling water, the chimney shaft being fitted with a special shower-bath arrangement for this purpose.

Passing away from the necropolis of dead and buried notes, we visit the treasury, whence they originally issued. This is a quiet-looking room, scarcely more imposing in appearance than the butler's pantry in a West-end mansion, but the modest-looking cupboards with which its walls are lined are gorged with hidden treasure. The possible value of the contents of this room may be imagined from the fact that a million of money, in notes of one thousand pounds, forms a packet only three inches thick. The writer has had the privilege of holding such a parcel in his hand, and for a quarter of a minute imagining himself a millionaire—with an income of over thirty thousand per annum for life. The same amount might occupy even less space than the above, for Mr. Francis tells a story of a lost note for thirty thousand pounds, which, turning up after the lapse of many years, was paid by the Bank *twice over*. We are informed that notes of even a higher value than this have on occasion been printed, but the highest denomination now issued is one thousand pounds.

In this department is kept a portion of the Bank's stock of golden coin, in bags of one thousand pounds each. This amount does not require a very large bag for its accommodation, but its weight is considerable, amounting to two hundred and fifty-eight ounces twenty penny-weights, so that a million in gold would weigh some tons. In another room of this department—the weighing office—are seen the machines for detecting light coin. These machines are marvels of ingenious mechanism. Three or four hundred sovereigns are laid in a long brass scoop or semi-tube, of such a diameter as to admit them comfortably, and self-regulating to such an incline that the coins gradually slide down by their own weight on to one plate of a little balance placed at its lower extremity. Across the face of this plate two little bolts make alternate

thrusts, one to the right, one to the left, but at slightly different levels. If the coin be of full weight, the balance is held in equipoise, and the right-hand bolt making its thrust, pushes it off the plate and down an adjacent tube into the receptacle for full-weight coin. If, on the other hand, the coin is ever so little "light," the balance naturally rises with it. The right-hand bolt makes its thrust as before, but this time passes harmlessly *beneath* the coin. Then comes the thrust of the left-hand bolt, which, as we have said, is fixed at a fractionally higher level, and pushes the coin down a tube on the opposite side, through which it falls into the light-coin receptacle. The coins thus condemned are afterwards dropped into another machine, which defaces them by a cut half-way across their diameter, at the rate of two hundred a minute. The weighing machines, of which there are sixteen, are actuated by a small atmospheric engine in one corner of the room, the only manual assistance required being to keep them supplied with coins. It is said that sixty thousand sovereigns and half-sovereigns can be weighed here in a single day. The weighing machine in question is the invention of Mr. Cotton, a former governor of the Bank, and among scientific men is regarded as one of the most striking achievements of practical mechanics.

In the bullion department we find another weighing machine of a different character, but in its way equally remarkable. It is the first of its kind, having been designed specially for the Bank by Mr. James Murdoch Napier, by whom it has been patented. It is used for the purpose of weighing bullion, which is purchased in this department. Gold is brought in in bars of about eight inches long, three wide, and one inch thick. A bar of gold of these dimensions will weigh about two hundred ounces, and is worth, if pure, about eight hundred pounds. Each bar when brought in is accompanied by a memorandum of its weight. The question of quality is determined by the process of assaying; the weight is checked by means of the weighing machine we have referred to. This takes the form of an extremely massive pair of scales, working on a beam of immense strength and solidity, and is based, so as to be absolutely rigid, on a solid bed of concrete. The whole stands about six feet high by three wide, and is inclosed in an air-tight plate-glass case, a sash in

which is raised when it is desired to use the machine. The two sides of the scale are each kept permanently loaded, the one with a single weight of three hundred and sixty ounces, the other with a number of weights of various sizes to the same amount. When it is desired to test the weight of a bar of gold, weights to the amount stated in the corresponding memorandum, *less half an ounce*, are removed from the latter scale, and the bar of gold substituted in their place. Up to this point the beam of the scale is kept perfectly horizontal, being maintained in that position by a mechanical break; but now a stud is pressed, and by means of delicate machinery, actuated by water-power, the beam is released. If the weight of the bar has been correctly stated in the memorandum, the scale which holds it should be exactly half an ounce in excess. This or any less excess of weight over the three hundred and sixty ounces in the opposite scale is instantly registered by the machine, a pointer travelling round a dial until it indicates the proper amount. The function of the machine, however, is limited to weighing half an ounce only. If the discrepancy between the two scales as loaded is greater than this, or if on the other hand the bar of gold is more than half an ounce less than the amount stated in the memorandum, an electric bell rings by way of warning, the pointer travels right round the dial, and returns to zero. So delicate is the adjustment, that the weight of half-a-penny postage stamp — somewhat less than half a grain — will set the hand in motion and be recorded on the dial.

The stock of gold in the bullion vault varies from one to three million pounds sterling. The bars are laid side by side on small flat trucks or barrows, carrying one hundred bars each. In a glass case in this vault is seen a portion of the war indemnity paid by King Coffee of Ashantee, consisting of gold ornaments, a little short of standard fineness.

One of the first reflections that strike an outsider permitted to inspect the repository of so much treasure is, "Can all this wealth be safe?" These heaps of precious metal, these piles of still more precious notes, are handled by the officials in such an easy-going, matter-of-course way, that one would almost fancy a few thousands would scarcely be missed; and that a dishonest person had only to walk in and help himself to as many sovereigns or hundred-pound notes as his pockets

could accommodate. Such, however, is very far from being the case. The safeguards against robbery, either by force or fraud, are many and elaborate. At night the Bank is guarded at all accessible points by an ample military force, which would no doubt give a good account of any intruder rash enough to attempt to gain an entrance. In the event of attack from without, there are sliding galleries which can be thrust out from the roof, and which would enable a body of sharpshooters to rake the streets in all directions.

Few people are aware that the Bank of England contains within its walls a graveyard, but such is nevertheless the fact. The Gordon riots in 1780, during which the bank was attacked by a mob, called attention to the necessity for strengthening its defences. Competent authorities advised that an adjoining church, rejoicing in the appropriate name of St. Christopher-le-Stocks, was in a military sense a source of danger, and accordingly an Act of Parliament was passed to enable the directors to purchase the church and its appurtenances. The old churchyard, tastefully laid out, now forms what is known as the Bank garden, the handsome "court room," or bank parlor, abutting on one of its sides. There is a magnificent lime-tree, one of the largest in London, in the centre of the garden, and tradition states that under this tree a former clerk of the bank, *eight feet high*, lies buried.

From The Athenæum.

EDMUND YATES.*

THE device prefixed to these amusing and sprightly volumes is adapted, with all modesty and decorum, from the laureate's "Ulysses." "Much have I seen and known," says Mr. Yates,

cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments;
and here he skips a verse — which, indeed, he could hardly have quoted without a certain suggestion of egoism — and goes on, very properly and prettily, to tell how he has drunk delight of battle with his peers, as Thackeray, and James Hannay, and Robert Brough, and the correspondents of divers enterprising journals.

* *Edmund Yates: his Recollections and Experiences.* 2 vols. Bentley & Son.

The device is perfectly appropriate as well as skilfully and becomingly "mitigated." Mr. Yates has had a larger share of experience than falls to the lot of most men. As the son of Frederick Yates and Elizabeth Brunton—the most popular actor-manager and perhaps the most charming and sympathetic actress of their day—he was free of the Adelphi in its palmy time—the Adelphi of Wright and Bedford and the Keeleys, of "Victorine" and "The Wreck Ashore," of Buckstone the dramatist and the tremendous O. Smith. He knew the elder Mathews as well as the evergreen Charles; he has seen Harvey Leach, the Gnome Fly of history, "creeping over the chairs and tables with wondrous agility;" he has passed from the society of Bihin, the Belgian giant, to that of James and Horace Smith; he has listened to the drolleries of Theodore Hook, and seen John Braham and Manager Bunn, and the Ainsworth of "Jack Sheppard," and Miss Romer, "the original Bohemian Girl," and heard Mrs. Waylett and beautiful Mrs. Honey "'trying over' their songs at the little piano." What is almost as much to the purpose, he has but to consult his father's papers to find himself once more in animated converse with the men and women of a vanished generation. In one letter he can talk with D'Orsay of a two-act melodrama "écrit par un de mes amis," and adapted "d'un ouvrage de George Sand, un des meilleurs auteurs Français de notre époque." In another he is face to face with Edmund Kean, confessing that he "detests mixing with the *canaille*" and that he "likes the public's money, but despises them." In a third, Miss Porter wants "an engagement for a person in whom I am greatly interested . . . a leading comic actress in a small but respectable company, which used to come annually to Thames Ditton and perform there during five or six years of our residence in the neighborhood." A fourth, from Miss Mitford, encloses an "Incendiary story," and inquires, "What would be the remuneration for a drama such as you wish?" In a fifth, Miss Pardoe offers to translate for Mrs. Yates the "Louise de Ligneolles" just then made famous by Mlle. Mars, the original Doña Sol in "Hernani." It is small wonder, we take it, that Mr. Yates grew up to think "Pendennis" the most impressive and inspiring novel in the language. Among actors and writers, in a society which was simply so much Thackeray in

the rough, he spent his earliest years. He was elected to the Garrick Club at eighteen years of age; he knew the originals of Foker and Shandon, Hoolan and Doolan, Shindy and Tiptoff; he has listened to Hodgen in "The Body-Snatcher," and gazed upon Wagg in the flesh, and watched the gifted "Bardolph of Brasenose" drinking himself drunk, and all the rest of it; and the description he gives of his call to literature—"I read 'Pendennis'—my fate is sealed"—seems only natural. He could write a key to Thackeray's novels; and one cannot help wishing that he would.

In after years Mr. Yates, while at work at the post-office, became a denizen in another Bohemia than Thackeray's, and grew familiar with the men and women of another generation. He was the friend of Albert Smith and Robert Brough, of Shirley Brooks and John Oxenford, of Mortimer Collins and Frank Smedley, of Charles Fechter and J. M. Bellew, and a hundred others. In place of the Cider Cellars and "the little Adelphi" he got to be an *habitué* of the Fielding and the Lyceum. He began to write on his own account—verse and farce and "personal journalism;" contributed to the *Illustrated Times* and *Household Words*, the *Inverness Courier* and the *Court Journal*, the *Daily News* and the *Morning Star*; founded the *Comic Times* and the *Train*; edited *Temple Bar*, and "entertained" the British public in the manner of Albert Smith, and went lecturing in America, and wrote novels, and worked as the special correspondent of the *New York Herald*; and he "done it all equally beautiful," like Master Harry Walmers's papa. But, to us at least, the interest of his book—its anecdotes apart—resides in that section of it in which he describes and suggests his earlier years. He has always plenty of stories on hand (some of them new), and he tells them cleverly; and his portraits, if a little flimsy and superficial always, are very often entertaining. His experiences in what he calls Bohemia, as chief of the Missing Letter Branch, and in connection with the "Purchase of the Telegraphs," are varied and curious. But we cannot help thinking his first half dozen chapters the cream of his work. About Dickens, whom he knew intimately, and whom he still reveres (as it seems natural in all that great writer's friends to revere him), he has not much of his own to tell us; about Thackeray, if we except his account of the fa-

mous quarrel, he has as little; his reminiscences of Cockburn, Hill, Lord Westbury, Charles Reade, Grenville Murray, and General Grant are mainly anecdotic; the latter half of his second volume is little more than a slight and rapid chronicle of his doings as a lecturer, a special correspondent, and a "society" editor. Nowhere does he write with such gusto as at the beginning, and nowhere is his book so readable and useful. In the past he is most at home, and it is in treating of the past that he is most agreeable to his readers.

It is fair to him to note, in telling his quarrel with Thackeray, that he extenuates nothing of his own conduct, nor sets down aught in malice concerning his opponent. The facts are clear. Mr. Yates was wrong in the beginning, and Thackeray was wrong in the end. Mr. Yates led off with an extremely impudent article on the great writer in a print called *Town Talk*, and the great writer retaliated in a letter which, if only as a specimen of straight and brutal writing, we cannot do better than quote:—

36 Onslow Square, S.W., June 14.

SIR,—I have received two numbers of a little paper called *Town Talk*, containing notices respecting myself, of which, as I learn from the best authority, you are the writer. In the first article of "Literary talk" you think fit to publish an incorrect account of my private dealings with my publishers. In this week's number appears a so-called "Sketch," containing a description of my manners, person, and conversation, and an account of my literary works, which of course you are at liberty to praise or condemn as a literary critic. But you state, with regard to my conversation, that it is either "frankly cynical or affectionately benevolent and good-natured;" and of my works (lectures) that in some I showed "an extravagant adulation of rank and position," which in other lectures ("as I know how to cut my coat according to my cloth") became the object of my bitterest attack. As I understand your phrases, you impute insincerity to me when I speak good-naturedly in private, assign dishonorable motives to me for sentiments which I have delivered in public, and charge me with advancing statements which I have never delivered at all. Had your remarks been written by a person unknown to me, I should have noticed them no more than other calumnies; but as we have shaken hands more than once, and met hitherto on friendly terms (you may ask one of your employers, Mr. — of —, whether I did not speak of you very lately in the most friendly manner), I am obliged to take notice of articles which I consider to be not offensive and unfriendly merely, but slanderous and untrue. We meet

at a club, where, before you were born, I believe, I and other gentlemen have been in the habit of talking without any idea that our conversation would supply paragraphs for professional vendors of "Literary Talk;" and I don't remember that out of that club I have ever exchanged six words with you. Allow me to inform you that the talk which you have heard there is not intended for newspaper remark; and to beg—as I have a right to do—that you will refrain from printing comments upon my private conversations; that you will forego discussions, however blundering, upon my private affairs; and that you will henceforth please to consider any question of my personal truth and sincerity as quite out of the province of your criticism.

W. M. THACKERAY.

E. Yates, Esq.

Mr. Yates confesses that this epistle "came upon him with a sense of amazement." Feeling that it afforded him "a legitimate opportunity for a tolerably effective retort," he at once prepared a document reminding Thackeray of certain among his own intrusions on the privacy of his friends—of Arcedeckne exposed as Foker, the Athanasius Lardner and the Lytton Bulwig of the "Yellowplush Papers," and so on. This Mr. Yates determined to show to Albert Smith; but reflecting that Albert Smith had likewise to complain of Thackeray, he elected to communicate it to Dickens, under whose direction he suppressed his letter—it was "too violent and too flippant," Dickens thought—and wrote as follows:—

June 15th, 1858.

SIR,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this day's date, referring to two articles of which I am the writer. You will excuse my pointing out to you that it is absurd to suppose me bound to accept your angry "understanding" of my "phrases." I do not accept it in the least: I altogether reject it. I cannot characterize your letter in any other terms than those in which you characterized the article which has given you so much offence. If your letter to me were not both "slandrous and untrue," I should readily have discussed its subject with you, and avowed my earnest and frank desire to set right anything I may have left wrong. Your letter being what it is, I have nothing to add to my present reply.

EDMUND YATES.

What followed need only be sketched in the briefest possible terms. Thackeray instantly put Mr. Yates into "The Virginians," as Tom Garbage, and laid the affair before the Garrick committee; Mr. Yates, called upon to apologize or retire from the club, denied the competence of the

committee, declined to do either the one thing or the other, and by the action of a general meeting, in spite of the support of Dickens, Lover, Wilkie Collins, Robert Bell, and Palgrave Simpson, was made liable to expulsion. As he still refused to apologize, his name was removed from the books, and he resolved upon his action of battery. He went to the club; was "satisfactorily trespassed upon;" brought his action, not against the trustees, but against the secretary; lost it on a kind of quibble; was advised to apply to the Court of Chancery; and, finding that it would cost him at the least some hundreds to get heard, was wise enough to let the matter drop. At the time, says Mr. Yates, the dispute was regarded not as between himself and Thackeray, but as between Thackeray and Dickens. If this were so, there can be no doubt that Thackeray was the victor. Dickens resigned his seat on the Garrick committee, and afterwards wrote to "My dear Thackeray" a private letter in which he acknowledged his part as Mr. Yates's adviser, and suggested compromise and mediation. To this communication Thackeray not only returned a curt and rather unpleasant refusal ("Yours, etc., W. M. Thackeray" is the signature), but actually wrote about it and the proposal it embodied to the Garrick committee, to the effect that even if he would he could not "make the dispute once more personal, or remove it out of the court to which he submitted it for arbitration." This, as far as Mr. Yates was concerned, was the end of the affair. With Dickens and Thackeray it was otherwise. They had never been the greatest friends imaginable, says Mr. Yates; and though John Forster (who was exceeding wroth with Thackeray at the time) refers to the estrangement as "small" and "hardly worth mention, even in a note," our author declares it to have been "complete and continuous," and notes that Dickens and Thackeray "never exchanged but the most casual conversation afterwards." At this distance of time it is impossible not to wish that Mr. Yates had never been impudent to Thackeray, that Thackeray had never bullied Mr. Yates, and that Dickens had never attempted to intervene between the combatants at all, whether as Mr. Yates's adviser or as Thackeray's rival, whether as Mr. Yates's champion before the committee or as his advocate with Thackeray before Thackeray's better judgment. Still, it's an ill wind that blows nobody

good. It was in connection with this business that Dickens saw Edwin James; and it is thus that Edwin James is now going down to posterity as the Mr. Stryver of "A Tale of Two Cities."

There are some good stories in Mr. Yates's book. One of the best is Foker-Arcedeckne's reception of Thackeray's lecture on the "Humorists." "How are you, Thack?" he said, at the Cider Cellars Club, where "the great cynic was preening himself under a mass of congratulations" (this, it must be owned, is a bad specimen of Mr. Yates's style)—

"How are you, Thack? I was at your show to-day at Willis's. What a lot of swells you had there—yes! But I thought it was dull—devilish dull! I tell you what it is, Thack—you want a piano!"

Of the terrible O. Smith—vampire, demon, pirate, desperado; so often "in the midst of fire" and "going up and down traps" that "the life insurance companies would only accept him at a 'hazardous' premium"—Mr. Yates records that in private life he was "well-read and well-informed, a clever water-color artist, with an air of old-fashioned courtesy not detracted from by a slight deafness;" it stands to reason, though it is not here recorded, that he must inevitably have played the flute and collected butterflies.

From Chambers' Journal.

A SOLITARY ISLAND.

THE government of Iceland has commissioned Mr. Thoroddsen to undertake systematic explorations of that island, with a view to investigating its physical features and describing its natural history. While on a visit to Grimsey, a small island twenty-two miles due north of Iceland, he found it inhabited by eighty-eight human beings, debarred from all communication with the mainland, excepting once or twice every year, when, at great risk, the natives contrived to visit the mainland in their small open boats.

After describing the flora and meteorology of this secluded islet, Mr. Thoroddsen informs us that the "pastor of the island, M. Pjetur Gudmundsson, has for many years been engaged in exceedingly careful meteorological observations on behalf of the Meteorological Institute of Copenhagen. This most worthy gentleman, living here in conspicuous poverty,

like a hermit divorced from the world, though he has the comfort of a good wife to be thankful for, is not only regarded as a father by his primitive congregation, but enjoys, moreover, the reputation of being in the front rank among sacred poets in modern Iceland.

"The inhabitants derive their livelihood for the most part from bird-catching, nest-robbing, and deep-sea fisheries. The precipices that form the eastern face of the island are crowded with myriads of various kinds of sea-fowl. On every ledge the birds are seen thickly packed together; the rocks are white with guano, or green-tufted with scurvy-grass; here everything is in ceaseless movement, stir, and flutter, accompanied by a myriad-voiced concert from screamers on the wing, from chattering on domestic affairs in the rock-ledges, and from brawlers at the parliament of love out at sea, the surface of which beneath the rocks is literally thatched at this time of the year with the wooing multitudes of this happy commonwealth. If the peace is broken by a stone rolled over the precipice or by the report of a gunshot, the air is suddenly darkened by the rising clouds of the disturbed birds, which, viewed from the rocks, resemble what might be taken for gigantic swarms of bees or midges.

"The method adopted for collecting eggs is the following: Provided with a strong rope, some nine or ten stalwart men go to the precipice, where it is some three hundred feet high, and one of the number volunteers or is singled out by the rest for the perilous *sig*, that is, "sink" or "drop," over the edge of the rocks. Round his thighs and waist, thickly padded generally with bags stuffed with feathers or hay, the *sigamadr*, "sinkman" or "dropman," adjusts the rope in such a manner that he may hang, when dropped, in a sitting posture. He is also dressed in a wide smock or sack of coarse calico, open at the breast, and tied round the waist with a belt, in the ample folds of which he slips the eggs he gathers, the capacity of the smock affording accommodation to from one hundred to one hundred and fifty eggs at a time. In one hand the sinkman holds a pole, sixteen feet long, with a ladle tied to one end, and by this means scoops the eggs out of nests which are beyond the reach of his own hands. When the purpose of this "breath-fetching" sink is accomplished, on a given sign the dropman is hauled up again by

his comrades. This, as may readily be imagined, is a most dangerous undertaking, and many a life has been lost over it in Grimsey from accidents occurring to the rope.

"For the pursuit of the fishery, the island possesses fourteen small open boats, in which the men will venture out as far as four to six miles cod-fishing; but this is a most hazardous industry, owing both to the sudden manner in which the sea will rise, sometimes even a long time in advance of travelling storms, and to the difficulty of effecting a landing on the harborless island.

"Now and then the monotony of the life of the inhabitants is broken by visits from foreigners, mostly Icelandic shark-fishers, or English or French fishermen.

"Of domestic animals the islanders now possess only a few sheep. Formerly there were five cows in the island; but the hard winter of 1860 necessitated their extermination, and since that time, for twenty-four years, the people have had to do without a cow. Of horses there are only two at present (1884) in the island. Strange to say, the health of the people seems on the whole to bear a fair comparison with more favored localities. Scurvy, which formerly was very prevalent, has now almost disappeared, as has also a disease peculiar to children, which, in the form of spasm or convulsive fit, used to be very fatal to infant life in former years.

"Inexpressibly solitary must be the life of these people in winter, shut out from all communication with the outer world, and having in view, as far as the eye can reach, nothing but arctic ice. The existence of generation after generation here seems to be spent in one continuous and unavailing arctic expedition. The only diversion afforded by nature consists in the shifting colors of the flickering aurora borealis, in the twinkling of the stars in the heavens, and the fantastic forms of wandering icebergs. No wonder that such surroundings should serve to produce a quiet, serious, devout, and down-hearted race, in which respect the Grimsey men may perhaps be said to constitute a typical group among their compatriots. However, to dispel the heavy tedium of the long winter days, they seek their amusements in the reading of the Sagas, in chess-playing, and in such mild dissipations at mutual entertainments at Christmas-time as their splendid poverty will allow."